THE LITTLE REVIEW

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL
OF ART AND LETTERS

BRANCUSI NUMBER

AUTUMN 1921

PUTNAMS

ERIK DORN

by

BEN HECHT

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CONTENTS

Ezra Pound	*Brancusi*	Clement Pansaers	*Brussels-Berlin*
Iwan Goll	*Ein Gesand*	Ezra Pound	*Historical Survey*
Franis Picabia	*Fumigations*	Jean Cocteau	*Cape of Good Hope*
Mina Loy	*Psycho-Democracy*	Mary Butts	*Ashe of Rings, II*
Paul Morand	*Four Poems*		
Kenneth Burke	*David Wasserman*		

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THE

LITTLE REVIEW

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REORGANIZED

AUTUMN NUMBER

The Little Review, ONLY American periodical that ever gives the reader something he hasn't learned to like somewhere else.

As PROTEST against the suppression of the Little Review containing various instalments of the "ULYSSES" of JAMES JOYCE, the following artists and writers of international reputation are collaborating in the autumn number of Little Review:

BRANCUSI, JEAN COCTEAU, JEAN HUGO, GUY CHARLES CROS, PAUL MORAND, FRANCIS PICABIA, EZRA POUND.

QUARTERLY

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BRANCUSI

"I CARVE a thesis in logic of the eternal beauty," writes Remy de Gourmont in his "Sonnets à l'Amazone." A man hurls himself toward the infinite and the works of art are his vestiges, his trace in the manifest.

It is perhaps no more impossible to give a vague idea of Brancusi's sculpture in words than to give it in photographs, but it is equally impossible to give an exact sculptural idea in either words or photography. T. J. Everets has made the best summary of our contemporary aesthetics that I know, in his sentence "A work of art has in it no idea which is separable from the form." I believe this conviction can be found in earlier vorticist explanations, and in a world where so few people have yet dissociated form from representation, one may, or at least I may as well approach Brancusi via the formulations by Gaudier-Brzeska, or by myself in my study of Gaudier:

> "Sculptural feeling is the appreciation or masses in relation."
>
> "Sculptural ability is the defining of these masses by planes."
>
> "Every concept, every emotion presents itself to the vivid consciousnes in some primary form. It belongs to the art of that form."

I don't mean to imply that vorticist formulæ will "satisfy" Brancusi, or that any formula need ever satisfy any artist, simply the formulæ give me certain axes (plural of *axis,* not of *ax*) for discrimination.

I have found, to date, nothing in vorticist formulæ which contradicts the work of Brancusi, the formulæ left every man fairly free. Gaudier had long since revolted from the Rodin-Maillol mixture; no one who understood Gaudier was fooled by the cheap Viennese Michaelangelism and rhetoric of Mestrovic. One understood that "Works of art attract by a resembling un-

likeness"; that "The beauty of form in the still stone can not be the same beauty of form as that in the living animal." One even understood that, as in Gaudier's brown stone dancer, the pure or unadulterated motifs of the circle and triangle have a right to build up their own fugue or sonata in form; as a theme in music has its right to express itself.

No critic has a right to pretend that he fully understands any artist; least of all do I pretend, in this note, to understand Brancusi (after a few weeks acquaintance) even as well as I understood Gaudier (after several years' friendship); anything I say here effaces anything I may have said before on the subject, and anything I say the week after next effaces what I say here—a pale reflection of Brancusi's general wish that people would wait until he has finished (i. e., in the cemetary) before they talk aesthetics with or about him.

At best one could but clear away a few grosser misconceptions. Gaudier had discriminated against beefy statues, he had given us a very definite appreciation of stone as stone; he had taught us to feel that the beauty of sculpture is inseparable from its material and that it inheres in the material. Brancusi was giving up the facile success of representative sculpture about the time Gaudier was giving up his baby-bottle; in many ways his difference from Gaudier is a difference merely of degree, he has had time to make statues where Gaudier had time only to make sketches; Gaudier had purged himself of every kind of rhetoric he had noticed; Brancusi has detected more kinds of rhetoric and continued the process of purgation.

When verbally intelligible he is quite definite in the statement that whatever else art is it is not *"crise des nerfs";* that beauty is not grimaces and fortuitous gestures; that starting with an ideal of form one arrives at a mathematical exactitude of proportion, but *not by* mathematics.

Above all he is a man in love with perfection. Dante believed in the "melody which most in-centres the soul"; in the preface to my Guido I have tried to express the idea of an absolute rhythm, or the possibility of it. Perhaps every artist at one time or another believes in a sort of elixir or philosopher's stone produced by the sheer perfection of his art; by the alchemical

sublimation of the medium; the elimination of accidentals and imperfections.

Where Gaudier had developed a sort of form-fugue or form-sonata by a combination of forms, Brancusi has set out on the maddeningly more difficult exploration toward getting all the forms into one form; this is as long as any Buddhist's contemplation of the universe or as any mediæval saint's contemplation of the divine love,—as long and even as paradoxical as the final remarks in the Divina Commedia. It is a search easily begun, and wholly unending, and the vestiges are let us say Brancusi's "Bird," and there is perhaps six months' work and twenty years' knowledge between one model of the erect bird and another, though they appear identical in photography. Therein consisting the difference between sculpture and sketches. Plate No. 5 shows what looks like an egg; I give more photos of the bust than of this egg because in the photos the egg comes to nothing; in Plate No. 12 there is at the base of the chimaera an egg with a plane and a groove cut into it, an egg having infantile rotundities and repose.

I don't know by what metaphorical periphrase I am to convey the relation of these ovoids to Brancusi's other sculpture. As an interim label, one might consider them as master-keys to the world of form—not "his" world of form, but as much as he has found of "the" world of form. They contain or imply, or should, the triangle and the circle.

Or putting it another way, every one of the thousand angles of approach to a statue ought to be interesting, it ought to have a life (Brancusi might perhaps permit me to say a "divine" life) of its own. "Any prentice" can supposedly make a statue that will catch the eye and be interesting from *some* angle. This last statement is not strictly true, the present condition of sculptural sense leaving us with a vastly lower level both of prentises and "great sculptors"; but even the strictest worshipper of bad art will admit that it is infinitely easier to make a statue which can please from *one* side than to make one which gives satisfaction from no matter what angle of vision.

It is also conceivably more difficult to give this formal-satisfaction by a single mass, or let us say to sustain the formal-

interest by a single mass, than to excite transient visual interests by more monumental and melodramatic combinations.

Brancusi's revolt against the rhetorical and the kolossal has carried him into revolt against the monumental, or at least what appears to be, for the instant, a revolt against one sort of solidity. The research for the aerial has produced his bird which stands unsupported upon its diminished base (the best of jade carvers and netsuke makers produce tiny objects which also maintain themselves on extremely minute foundations. If I say that Brancusi's ideal form should be equally interesting from all angles, this does not quite imply that one should stand the ideal temple on its head, but it probably implies a discontent with any combination of proportions which can't be conceived as beautiful even if, in the case of a temple, some earth-quake should stand it up intact and end-ways or turned-turtle. Here I think the concept differs from Gaudier's, as indubitably the metaphysic of Brancusi is outside and unrelated to vorticist manners of thinking.

The great black-stone egyptian patera in the British museum is perhaps more formally interesting than the statues of Memnon.

In the case of the ovoid, I take it Brancusi is meditating upon pure form free from all terrestrial gravitation; form as free in its own life as the form of the analytic geometers; and the measure of his success in this experiment (unfinished and probably unfinishable) is that from some angles at least the ovoid does come to life and appear ready to levitate. (Or this is perhaps merely a fortuitous anecdote, like any other expression.)

Crystal-gazing?? No. Admitting the possibility of self-hypnosis by means of highly polished brass surfaces, the polish, from the sculptural point of view, results merely from a desire for greater precision of the form, it is also a transient glory. But the contemplation of form or of formal-beauty leading into the infinite must be dissociated from the dazzle of crystal; there is a sort of relation, but there is the more important divergence; with the crystal it is a hypnosis, or a contemplative fixation of thought, or an excitement of the "sub-conscious" or unconscious (whatever the devil they may be), and with the ideal form in

marble it is an approach to the infinite *by form,* by precisely the highest possible degree of consciousness of formal perfection; as free of accident as any of the philosophical demands of a "Paradiso" can make it.

This is not a suggestion that all sculpture should end in the making of abstract ovoids; indeed no one but a genius wholly centred in his art, and more or less "oriental" could endure the strain of such effort.

But if we are ever to have a bearable sculpture or architecture it might be well for young sculptors to start with some such effort at perfection, rather than with the idea of a new Laocoon, or a "Triumph of Labour over Commerce." (This suggestion is mine, and I hope it will never fall under the eye of Brancusi. —But then Brancusi can spend most of his time in his own studio, surrounded by the calm of his own creations, whereas the author of this imperfect exposure is compelled to move about in a world full of junk-shops, a world full of more than idiotic ornamentations, a world where pictures are made for museums, where no man has a front-door that he can bear to look at, let alone one he can contemplate with reasonable pleasure, where the average house is each year made more hideous, and where the sense of form which ought to be as general as the sense of refreshment after a bath, or the pleasure of liquid in time of drouth or any other clear animal pleasure, is the rare possession of an "intellectual" (heaven help us) "aristocracy."

EZRA POUND.

EIN GESANG

"ISABEL du schwarzer Pyjama
Draussen die Welt klingt von den Kronen Gottes
Auf den Zwillingen spielen verlassene Mandolinen
Ausser dir
Und ausser mir
Wäre die Welt nicht mehr möglich
Aber doch kann ein Baum der Felsschlucht mit der grünen Seele sich nach uns tasten
Eine Trambahn drüben am trostlosen Endpunkt aller Haltestellen
Wartet zwischen Schuppen und Kartoffeln auf ihre Schwester
Und stirbt zehnmal an Schwindsucht und Sehnsucht
Glocken erwecken uns immer aus dem Schlafgrab
Ach Isabel du schwarzer Ppjama es gibt noch tausend andere Glücke
Jedes Streichholz kann dir Bengalien wert sein
Ausser dir und ausser mir das All!"

Aber im Nebenzimmer Nummer 19 sang der Seifenfabrikant
Ganz dasselbe wie ich seiner blonden Emmi
Und der Pikkolo sang das Gleiche der schwangeren Köchin
Und am nächsten Morgen streichen wir alle Semmeln und goldenen Honig: das heisst Liebe!
Sehnsucht der unaufhörlichen Welle
Meere fahren vorbei mit Karawanen und Oasen
Ganze Völker des Wassers

Jede einzelne Wellenschwester kennt mich
Isabel, mein Blut ist dieses Meer
Ich hörte den Regenfall dieser sternarmen Nacht
Jeder Tropfen beklopfte mein Herz
Wieviel Tropfen starben in Narzissenkelchen und Gosseneimern
Wieviel Leben wieviel Sehnsucht der ganzen Welt

Man könnte auch Revolutionär werden
Misanthrop aus Menschenliebe
Das Wort Barrikade ist ultramarinblau und gefällt mir sehr
Ich sah einen Bettler auf den Fortifikationen
Ein gelber gestohlener Fisch hing wie ein Bart von seinem sauren Munde
Und doch war ein Heiligenschein um seinen Schlapphut
An jenem Tage wurde ich Sozialist
Gewiss das Bier am ersten Mai schmeckt frischer als im Hofbräu
Und die Arbeiterkinder haben Tuberkulose

Zunächst verfasst man ein Pamphlet:
Der grüne Soldat schweigt steif in seinen Monumenten
Sardinenbüchsen Helme und Troddeln der Kultur bammeln im Wind
Ich glaube aber dass es immer Schlächter geben wird
"Ehre" ist das Misstrauen gegen sich selbst
Früher war Ehre ein Scheck auf die Bank Roland & Siegfried
Genossen! Die Kartoffel und der Gulasch! Hurra!
Und dann blutet man leise
Aus der Stirn
Der Eiffelturm speit brennende Opfersprüche nach Nauen

Am Niagara schöpft man die Pferdekräfte
Zur Verurteilung der Verbrecher: Sing-Sing

Man könnte also auch Revolutionär werden!

Später erörtert man folgendes:
Ich bin ein guter Mensch ich bin kein guter Mensch
Ich bin ein guter Mensch ich bin kein guter Mensch
Ich bin ein guter Mensch ich bin kein
Dies tägliche Gebet zu Gott! .Aber Vera-Shoe bleibt immer der beste!
Schliesslich muss man den Wechsel des Spediteurs eintreiben
Dann wird man geborener Revolutionär
Ich werfe zehn Centimes unter die Menge der Papst schickt mir ein Radiogramm
Die Illustrierten Blätter lassen mich in effigie lächeln
Und alle Friseure zeigen mich den Kunden
O Herr der Menschen, ich bin unfähig
Vera-Shoes an feine Damen zu verkaufen
Unfähig Isabel immer Semmeln mit Honig zu streichen
Unfähig zum Revolutionär der Bauern und Tiere
Ich bin unbegabt für Europa
Auf irgendwelcher Hemisphäre schluchzt eine Witwe:
"Ich liebe ihn er liebt mich nicht!"
Mein spöttisches Profil liegt in ihrem Herzen auf rotem Samt
Eventuell könnte die Stadt Ottawa mich zum Bürgermeister wählen
Aber ich kann keine Antrittsrede halten
Und Felix ist ein schlechter Name für diese Zeit

Doch fühle ich Lerchen gurgeln in meiner Kehle
Der Baum klagt in meinem Gerippe der jetzt mit dem Sturm kämpft

Ueberall scheint der Mond und Schopenhauer ist in jeder Buchhandlung käuflich
Das Wohnzimmer meiner Mutter ist gelb und violett mit Blümchen tapeziert
Dies alles und meine Zigarette der Stern der Motten
Ich bin wie Gott

Frag nicht mehr ob gut ob nichtgut
Buddha ging im Frühling nicht aus um kein Leben zu töten
Und atmete doch dass tausend Miasmen immer dran starben
Frag nicht mehr ob gut ob nichtgut
Der Baum frisst die Luft Käfer den Baum Vogel den Käfer
Schlange den Vogel Erde die Schlange Luft die Erde
Warum soll ich sein? Warum
Nicht sein? Was ist das Beste?
"Vera-Shoe ist der beste!"
Mensch ich verbiete dir das Warum

Wir müssen uns sehr in uns zusammenfalten
Was schiert es den Bambus was schiert es die Ratte
Die Zahlen unseres Hirns sind zu schwach Sekunden zu tragen
Weise ist der schweigende Stein
Gut ist der Klee der die Blättchen auf- und zumacht
Der Klee ist einsam
Und einfach
Seien wir einsam
Und einfach

IWAN GOLL

FUMIGATIONS

JE voudrais visiter l'intérieur des plantes et aussi l'intérieur des gens, comme on visite l'intérieur des églises, arriver à diminuer mon individu de telle façon que je puisse me glisser, m'asseoir, me reposer dans le coeur d'un ami, m'introduire dans sa vessie et, à l'aide d'une petite pirogue, boucher le canal de l'urêtre afin de faciliter les inondations mortelles; faire des ascensions dans le foie m'encordant avec d'autres excursionnistes qui auraient, eux aussi, plaisir à vivre parmi les bacilles du tube digestif et à villégiaturer sur les plages du rein! Mais nous devons nous contenter de la périphérie terrestre et faire des courses à chameau dans le désert; je dois réabiliter ici le chameau, cet animal n'a jamais donné le mal de mer à personne, c'est une pure invention des officiers de marine. Mais quelle était donc l'idèe première de mon article? C'est là l'important et j'ai beau chercher je ne retrouve plus cette idée, d'ailleurs j'avais le pressentement que cela m'arriverait, lorsque j'ai commencé à écrire, continuons donc par n'importe quoi.

Un de mes amis m'a dit l'autre jour que j'étais un mauvais européen! Sans doute lui, se juge-t-il comme un bon européen parceque, tel un filtre Pasteur, il filtre tout; il filtre les clowns, il filtre les nègres; n'est-ce-pas, filtrer, c'est tout ce que peut faire l'Europe après s'être épuisée en efforts pour la conquête de l'Alsace-Lorraine! Filtrer l'Alsace-Lorraine serait assez curieux; nous aurions bien vite le plaisir d'entendre une jolie romance berlinoise! Je suis un mauvais européen comme je suis un mauvais Américain, comme je suis un mauvais peintre, un mauvais littérateur, un mauvais mari, mais . . . . je conduis très bien les voitures automobiles! Je voudrais tellement faire de la peinture comme je conduis une automobile, 130 à l'heure sans écraser personne—dans Paris, naturellement! Enfin mon ami le bon européen est bon littérateur, bon dessinateur, bon poéte mais, il ne sait pas conduire une automobile! Peutêtre, moi non plus d'ailleurs! Ce serait bien amusant de conduire une voiture à deux directions, une à l'avant, l'autre à l'arriere, surtout si cette voiture était peinte en rose et noir! allons, tout

cela est déja bien vieux. . . .

Je voudrais trouver un ingénieur qui sait à même de réaliser ma dernière invention; cette invention consiste à monter des cercles autour de la terre, cercles qui seraient rendus immobiles par une attraction centripète; sur ces cercles seraient bâtis des palaces qui tourneraient sur eux-memes. En cette façon, sans quitter notre chambre, nous ferions le tour du monde, ou plutot nous le verrions faire son tour en 24ro! Voici le Caire avec la vision des Pélerins de la Mecque, la Haute-Egypte, puis New York, Broklin et Riverside drive, voici Paris, la Seine, etc., etc., et pendant ce défilé inouï, des jeunes filles joueraient au piano des mélodies de Reynaldo Hahn! Il n'y aurait plus de voyages, plus de trains manqués, plus de nuits, donc beaucoup moins de danger d'attrapper des refroidissements, enfin, la mise en pratique de ma découverte offre des avantages sérieux. Si jamais un ingénieur américain a une idée en lisant ces lignes, je lui serais tres obligé de m' écrire afin que nous puissions causer ensemble d'une mise au point possible. Bien entendu, les habitants des cercles bénéficieraient de "l'anationalité."

Il y a des gens qui sont amoureux de la nature, ils regardent les animaux avec adoration, les plantes avec exaltation, ils éprouvent des sensations voluptueuses en voyant le coucher ou le lever le soleil; ces gens sont en général trè aimés par les êtres simples, moi, je n'aurais vraiment qu'un désir celui d'attirer les fous, c'est un peu ce qu'a fait Napoléon!

Ah, ah, ah, ah, figurez vous un être suivi par tous les fous du monde, par toutes celles qui se croient la S^{te} Vierge, ou Jeanne d'Arc, par ceux qui se croient Néron, Charlemagne, Guillaume II, Edouard VII . . . ou moi! Par ceux qui se croient des chevaux, des lions ou des tigres, des monstres ou des oiseaux-mouches! Ne croyez vous pas que ces êtres, eux aussi, sont près de la nature? Ils ne participent pas aux joies de la famille et manquent souvent de cette curiosité qui est impitoyable!

Il y a des êtres qui ne lisent rien, qui ne pensent à rien, qui ne font absolument rien, mais qui soignent méticuleusement leur rhum de cerveau quand ils en ont! Ils vont parfois au cimetière porter quelques fleurs à des êtres qu'ils ont connus et qui pour-

rissent consciencieusement; leurs fleurs pourriront, eux-mêmes pourriront, vous voyez bien qu'il n'y a pas lieu de se préoccuper; la Nature se charge de tout; il n'y a qu'à la laisser faire, elle fait bien ce qu'elle fait. Les idées pourrissent comme les fleurs et les gens et il y a des gens qui veulent momifier les idées comme les Egyptiens momifiaient les cadavres.

Je suis pour l'incinération qui conserve sous le format le moins encombrant, idées et individus.

Cher amis de tous les pays du monde, renouvelez et bousculez, brulez et noyez, assassinez, volez, tout et tous . . . excepté moi.

FRANCIS PICABIA

PSYCHO-DEMOCRACY

a movement to focus human reason

on

THE CONSCIOUS DIRECTION OF EVOLUTION

to replace the cataclysmic factor in social evolution WAR. An absolute, constructive and liberating ideal put to the will of mankind for acceptance or rejection.

Psycho democracy is

Democracy of The Spirit, government by creative imagination, participation in essential wisdom—Fraternity of Intuition, the Intellect and Mother wit. (The Creator, the scholar, the natural man).

A psychological gauge applied to all social problems, for the interpretation of political, religious and financial systems.

Democratic interchange and valuation of *ideas*.

The Substitution of consciously directed evolution for revolution, *Creative inspiration for Force,* Laughter for Lethargy, Sociability for Sociology, Human psychology for Tradition.

The Psycho-Democratic Policy is
Habeas Animum.

"To illuminate the earth with her peoples eyes."

The organization of Psycho-Democracy is based on the laws of psychic evolution, our principles spring from Intuition, and are presented to man's intellect for maturation.

We make the experiment of a "collectivity" moved by the same intellectual logic as are the tactics of the successful individual reckoning with "actual" values and following the rules of the game of life, influencing our era by right of the merits of our (collective) personality.

Most movements have a fixed concept towards which they advance, we move away from all fixed concepts in order to advance.

The Psycho-democrat is

Man, Woman or Child of good sense and with imagination, having a normal love of Life and a sympathic indifference to their neighbours obligations.

The *living* successor of that travesty of man; the *Dummy Public* originated by the Press, financed by the Capitalist:

For whom the politician legislates,
The army fights,
The church collects.

THE IDEA-FABRIC OF HUMAN SOCIETY. Modern social existence is a form of psychic activity based on *Ideas* promoted by the self-conscious minority of *Power.*

Every phase in evolution has been marked by the different kinds of ideas for which men tortured one another.

Society today is composed of distinctly different human strata; heirs of the different ideas for which men tortured one another.

The Tediousness of Human Evolution is owing:

To the tendency of ideas to outlast their origin, i. e. the tendency of human institutions to outlast the psychological conditions from which they arose.

Psycho-Democracy considers social institutions as structural forms in collective consciousness which are subject to the same evolutional transformation as is collective consciousness itself, and that our social institutions of today will cause future generations to roar with laughter.

Criminal Lunacy

In the very near future the fact that it is considered either normal or necessary for millions of men and women to wear out their organisms with no reward but the maintainance of those organisms, imperfectly functioning, and that this social condition should be safeguarded and preserved by the blowing up of other millions of human organisms will appear as the nightmare of a criminal lunatic.

Cosmic Neurosis

The destructive element in collective consciousness induced by inhibitive social and religious precepts that ordain that man must suffer and cause to suffer and deny the validity of Man's fundamental desires, has resulted in Cosmic Neurosis, whose major symptom is Fear.

This fear takes the form of international suspicion and the resulting national protective-phobias.

Our enlightened psychological principles will put an end to Cosmic Neurosis.

Psychic Evolution

This thing called *Life* which seems to be the impact of luminous bodies, knocking sparks off one another in chaos, will be transformed through Psycho-Democratic evolution from a war between good and evil, i. e. (between beneficent and painful chance) to a competition between different kinds of good: (beneficent spontaneities),

1

The Paradox of the Dominator and the Dominated.

"Class" is a psychological condition.

The one class distinction is between the dominator and the dominated.

Every social upheaval has been the evolutional phenomenon of the recruiting of new material to the dominating class. A class victory is never the promotion of one class to the status of another class, but the shifting of certain elements in the victorious class to the psychological condition of the dominating class.

The dominating class is a psychological nucleus progressively absorbing all similar elements into itself. It is therefore our important task to eludicate the psychology of the Dominator, for the dominated, as the Basis of intrinsic democracy.

Power is a secret society of the minority, whose hold on the majority lies in the esoteric or actual value of social ideas.

This esoteric value is unrevealed to the majority, being:—

1) The transmutability of the *strategical ideas* of the minority into *social ideals* for the majority.

2) The value of *social ideals* as a means of conserving the majority as a plastic psychic material with which *Power* moulds the contours of its own supremacy.

3) The value of the exoteric or public representation of social ideals as limiting the unit for the advantage of a collectivity, while in reality insuring the advantage of the minority with the consent of the majority.

The ensuing confusion in the public mind between its innate logic and the social ideals dictated by the Dominator, provides the *Paradox of the Dominator and the Dominated;* for it is at once the vantage ground for the Dominator's tactics and the blind force which at recurrent intervals confounds the self-conscious minority of *Power.*

Psycho-Democratic Aesthetic

The æthetic contour of a race is formed by its habits.

Man's evolution through his circumstances has resulted in his point of view.

His point of view forms his habits.

The Dominator's standard has been the most highly evolved human habit. Therefore class evolution must democratize the Dominator's standard, which hitherto evolved by circumstances, will in future spring directly into "habit" out of a "point of view."

The Aim of Society is the Perfection of Self

Man's desire is for Self.
His desire is commensurate with possibility.
The earth offers super-abundance for All.
Human imagination is illimitable.
Psycho-Democracy advocates the fulfilment of all Desire.
"Self" is the covered entrance to Infinity.

Militarism

Militarism forms the nucleus of national *Influential symbolism;* the flag, the uniform; inspires the *Rhythm of national popular enthusiasm:* the march, the band, parade. Sustains the *belligerent masculine* social ideal. Like all concentrated human forces it is *psychically magnetic.*

It has created certain formulæ figuring largely in our social pleasures, which no other social institution affords; the inevitable "snobbery" thus involved insures its protracted success.

Pacifism

The sole opposition to this imposing and efficiently organized social foundation is the pacifist *Dont.*

Pacifism has not yet offered a creative substitute for the military ideal, but a negative conception which leaves a void in social psychological construction, without providing any adequate suggestions as to how this void should be filled.

The Appeal of psycho-Democracy for the conscious direction of evolution, is an appeal to the thinker, the scientist, the philosopher, the writer, the artist, the mechanic, the worker, to join intelligent forces in a concerted effort to evolve and establish *a new social symbolism, a new social rhythm, a new social snobism* with a human psychological significance of equal value to that of militarism.

To consider that the belligerent tendency in human nature which is at present abnormaly fostered by social institutions and education, can be superseded by another of the different tendencies in human nature, if developed through transformed social institutions and revised education.

To vindicate Humanity's claim to a Divine Destiny. Not to endeavor to eliminate the indestructable forces in human nature but to establish a new social system for their utilization. To present intellectual heroism as a popular ideal in place of physical heroism encouraging the expression of individual psychology in place of mob-psychology. To believe that man has the conceptual power to create a substitute for war, having the same stimulus to action as the hazard of death, the same spur to renassence as devastation, and that his mentality will evolve new forms of expressive action to inspire him to such ebullitions of enthusiasm as does the call to arms.

In *Psycho-Democracy* shall arise men and women whose strength and originality of conception will concrete a vital ideal as the basis of International politics. This ideal which is in a nebulous state, once defined will be easier to impose on humanity than the hypnotic war lust.

For it is but logical to suppose that if the slight amount of magnetism in the make up of the world's leaders of today, is sufficient to rush great peoples on to death and agony, it will be a simple task to persuade great peoples to the effort of self realization in a life amplifying ideal; and to apply the force of reason to the solution of their life problems, which have been so acutely aggravated by the force of explosives.

And to dissuade Man from any longer considering his destiny as being extraneous to his logic.

MINA LOY.

Buenos Aires, 1918.

FOUR POEMS

FRANCISQUE FAIT LA CULBUTE

L'auteur assiste au dernier quadrille du bal Tabarin.

Bruit mouillé des jarretelles;
le pantalon de dentelle, écume de la chute.
Sous son décolleté, six ventouses scariflées,
rhume passionné.
Les réflecteurs et les boissons sont glacés,
les couples ne sont unis que par les serpentins.
Au lavabo, un Anglais qui a voulu penser,
vomit.
On entend mourir de phtisie des musiques
nègres de haute époque.

Il rentre chez lui en évoquant sa jeunesse.

Blasphèmes en descendant la rue Pigalle.
Adieu les temps heureux où l'on s'offrait des
larmes
dans des maisons à deux issues;
doux oiseaux pris dans les lits-cages.
Par quelles faveurs tenaient ensemble nos soli-
tudes?
Qui saura le total de nos échanges?

Il compare le temps passé au temps présent.

La lune, objet d'art ancien.
Mon ombre sort de mes bottines
et s'étend près de moi, épuisée, pauvre chien.
Les vierges ne peuvent plus attendre,
il y en a deux millions au moins.
On se possède tout de suite par les yeux avec
animosité
et par les mains avec immunité tendre.

Ce ne sont certes pas les équivoques qui nous étouffent;
à la fois criminels et acquittés,
nous n'avons plus le temps d'achever
rien,
ni personne.

Ah! ne poussez donc pas comme ça!

SPECTACLE EFFRAYANT

Audessus de Grenelle,
la lune poursuit ses opérations à terme.
Des fumées de noir animal dorment repliées
comme des nuages chinois.
Les chômeurs marchent en balançant leurs mains;
les oiseaux montent droit, ou des pierres lancées.
Les Etats tirent des chèques sans provision,
mais les Etats ne connaissent pas la prison.
Chez Harry Pilcer,
sous le carbone et ses dagues,
un rossignol à eau chante parmi les algues du saxophone
et l'on comprend alors que les richesses mobilières
sont éminemment fongibles.
Dans le Palmarium ou sur le chaussée il y a dans les yeux de tous:
ARGENT DE SUITE.

A Moscou,
l'homme aux pommettes a supprimé le commerce et l'industrie
et gouverne avec un chat sur les genoux.

ESPRIT D'ENTERPRISE

Les affaires ont été de mal en pis
en cet automne lourd où les soies ont fléchi
depuis Canton jusqu'à la rue de Paradis.
Les transports en commun et les sucres sont calmes
jusqu'à l'épuisement.
Nous n'avions cessé de donner l'alarme
et de dire qu'il n'y a qu'une richesse au monde monnayable
et c'est l'heure-travail.
Les bois de Ville d'Avray
splendide centre d'excursions,
sont pleins de violettes et de banquiers maladroits,
au nez droit,
qui, par les narines, rendent leur pauvre cervelle gonflée de bénéfices.
Les camions passent avec des chaines détendues
roulant leurs pneus enduits de kilomètres.
Le pardessus est lourd aux épaules comme une voiture à bras.
Autour des fondés de pouvoir pendus aux branches par leur commanderie,
tickets sur la pelouse déserte après le Grand Prix,
des actions non-cotées sont répandues,
mêlées aux feuilles mortes, autre filigrane,
et aux serpentins déteints des cross-country
de l'hiver fini.

PAUL MORAND

CARTE POSTALE EXPRESS

à Irène Lagut

je vais excessivement bien
je suis à l'agonie
j'ai bien } *dormi*
j'ai mal }
c'est joli ici
grand confort
ce n'est pas habitable
j'aimerais vous avoir un peu
beau temps
il peut à torrents
pas de lettres de vous
tendresses
n'envoyez plus de confitures
essayé de vous téléphoner
pas pu avoir la communication
j'ai rencontré *les*
j'ai évité
tout le } *du talent*
monde me } *de la bonne volonté*
trouve } *de l'application*
je n'ai plus de chemise

cuisine excellente
cuisine immangeable
envoyez lettre chargée
voici mille baisers
je pense à vous
souriez moi
je m'amuse
je resterai encore jours
je resterai un peu plus longtemps
ne m'oubliez pas
rappelez moi à
embrassez les enfants
connaissez vous un remède contre le bégaiement?
j'ai rêvé de vous cette nuit
je n'ai pas rêvé de vous cette nuit
venez d'urgence
inutile de vous déranger

(*Mettre une croix devant les phrases requises; pour la date voyez timbre de la poste*)

PAUL MORAND

DAVID WASSERMANN

Ita fornicatur anima.
St. Augustine.

I

"YOU have it all," Wright had said. "To begin with, you are a neurasthenic, or at least, you have just recovered from neurasthenia. You are a Jew. You have the memory of sex, although at present you are continent; also, you are in love. And the twenties is naturally a restless period anyhow." Was Wright being decent for once? Did he mean that just as he had said it? The bastard!

Cynthia must be watching how his hands trembled. That was the neurasthenia. Or she should think so. And damn it, it *was* so, anyhow. If Mendelssohn ran up the scale to *si,* and then was called to dinner, and got up in the middle of his soup to strike *do,* it wasn't that he absolutely *had* to. He wanted to, simply, and did it. Yet it wasn't an affectation, because he sincerely and without forethought *wanted* to. In the case of the hands, then, if the neurasthenia was there, why clamp it in a vise? Let them tremble, and perhaps even encourage them a little.

Hell with such considerations!

Why not cut clean of all that and plunge right straight on? Just rip and tear, like kicking through a newspaper on the sidewalk.

"I love you, Cynthia. Yes, I love you, even though you *are* a Yiddish vampire." Cyuthia smiled meekly, and continued existing there, two feet in front of him. "I love you,"—and she existed; "I hate you,"—and Cynthia *still* existed. At times when he left her, he knew all the time that over in Brooklyn, Cynthia was existing inexorably, saying something to one of her sisters, perhaps, or buying bananas, or sitting * * * *"You have the memory of sex."* At times he had tried to bludgeon her with that, too, and was answered as usual with the quiet fact of her existence.

"The war. I'll get you yet. Gaping on a battle-field in France. Can't you see me there, my face all twisted like a piece of an old tree-trunk, a gun tossed somewhere, and my guts oozing out; can't

* *Deleted.*

you see me?" Cynthia, with nothing else to say, admitted that yes, she could see him. Monstrous!

With a snarl; "You, my dear, ought to live in some Arcadian province where women are disposed of more summarily. Biceps,—that's the way to court *you*. Like this." He stepped against her, threw his arms around, and pressed her backwards with his chin.

* * * and began heaving her to the couch. His knuckles scraped against a chair. The divan reached, he dropped her on it. "Stop it, David!" She laughed, and pushed away one compromising hand of his. Wassermann panted, felt ridiculous. "Straight business, with annoying difficulties and injuries," he thought in the style of Wright as he paid attention to the smarting knuckles. She rearranged herself, with no thought of a recovering hen; the things that slipped by her!

"She smells like a horse." He added aloud, "Perhaps I should have brought Wright with me?" . . . "She *stinks* like a horse. How is it possible to love such a woman. For I can't lie out of it, she *stinks*. But I *want* her to stink. It is *my* way of having my guts ooze out. That ought to cure me of her, but it doesn't. But this for consolation: my urge is at least proved to be straight lust." Cynthia had answered something about Wright; he would not ask her what it was.

"I suppose I shouldn't resent these failures," he began argumentatively. "We are still walking in our origins. It continues to be a matter of Apollo and Daphne, where if women can't turn into laurel trees any longer, they turn into logs. But then, you must not forget you are always open to the charge of being undersexed, which is scandalous." Both laughed. "Still as I say, you are only acting within the nature of things if you resist. Be as fair yourself, then, and admit that I, too, am acting within the nature of things when I *per*sist." But what an ass to justify her. He should deplore her without end. Never to weaken on the thing. To *know* that she must give in. And never begin defending himself; it should go without saying that his position was fitting.

He pointed upstairs. "Listen: it's sisters, and mothers, and fathers. Great God, what chance do *I* have! Even if you were insane to give yourself, those noises would keep you pure. How

could a man *ever* seduce such a woman; with so many thunderous generalities to combat? As I just said, you are protected phylogenetically; with those noises upstairs you are protected socially; and worst of all, you are protected by these damned cerebrizings of mine. Oh tender Gibraltar!" . . . Cynthia was listening intently. "But that's all the wrong tack, Cynthia. Let's *faire table rase.* Why not begin all over again? I am glad to know you; weather and so forth; yes, I know Harry; Ibsen *is* a bit demoded; do you really think so? Come on, Cynthia, let's sing a duet; if we can't agree on love, at least we both believe that Shaw is right about the war, Shaw with his rare common-sense."

"On the whole we think reasonably alike, David."

"Yes, we *think* very much alike. Our minds are in perfect copulation. But *corporeally.* Damn it, I have more important things in this world to do than niggle around with sex. But so long as you hold me up on this one score, I am worthless. I am kept in an endless state of dispersion. I'm just a *waldschrat,* one always-swollen ———. . ." The people upstairs! He saw it in Cynthia's eyes, and subsided, the harsh word unfinished.

Five hours of this! He left her, kissing her at the door. Within ten minutes Cynthia was undressed, and had walked to the bathroom in her nightgown. Wassermann caught the subway to Times Square as Cynthia was brushing her teeth.

* * * *

Wright to Wassermann: "The fact is that you simply *must* stick to this much-ado. If you drop it, you have nothing left. The . . ."

"I refuse to swallow any more of that, do you understand? First Cynthia, and then you; it's too much for an evening, just a l–i–t–t–l–e too much. You and your composure, bosh! You say I am histrionic. But it never occurred to you that your immovable front is another symptom of the same disease. If I am a stagey neurasthenic, then you are a stagey Stoic."

"Wait a minute. I am not fighting with you, I am *diagnosing* you. Cynthia hears that sort of thing as long as you are with her; can't you listen to one sentence of it?"

"It isn't the diagnosis I object to, it's the flatness of it. You say I have nothing but my agitation, my noise in other words. What am I to answer? You simply kill all chance of discussion with a sentence like that. What are its merits? Is it astonishing? Is it clever? Is it subtle? It just stands out there like a big face fat with a bad liver. If you want to *penetrate* me, I am willing to listen. I am *anxious* to listen, in fact. But if you're going to fling hunks of statement at me like mudpies, I want to make it clear that I am not interested."

"Go on."

"I have said what I had to say."

"No!"

Wassermann snorted. "You're getting weak, Wright, if that's the best come-back you have. Or I've gone the length of you, and am leaving you behind. You must have been frantic for a last word if you could grab at such a shabby little straw as that." Wright said nothing. "Quite in character, you say nothing. That is expected to wither me, to dry me up and blow me away. But this time, it doesn't." Wright smiled encouragingly, said nothing. "I'll give you credit, that works. It gets on a man's nerves, especially a man like me. It would be highly admirable, if it weren't so easy to apply. Another trouble with it is that it is inclined to become too pat. It fits roughly in too many cases to be nicely adapted to any of them. And in time it blunts a man, since it gets him into making a broad division of his sensations: this thing I recognize, this thing I am silent about. With the final result that you become inarticulate. You forget how to carve neat slices off a big steaming idea. You become no better than an amoeba, approaching what is pleasant, and retreating from what is unpleasant, without intelligent observation."

"There is a lot to what you say, Wassermann. But I must be going now, if you'll let me leave without calling it a last bit of blunt technique. The fact is that I *do* have to go. We'll see each other tomorrow night."

A dirty way to defeat a man. Wright's going left him bound. The bile must drip back into his stomach, and stay there poisoning him until tomorrow night. They were monsters, both of them, with Cynthia a little worse because she was a woman, and loved. They

were two suns for him to race around; they stood still, and let him break his neck. But the devil; what a superb martyrdom anyhow. If he saw things, and simply *had* to say them, it was worth seeing and saying them at any cost. Not so bad to be a victim of too much clarity. He was a fly-eye.

"Waiter . . . waiter." The waiter came on the run. "I ordered *black* coffee."

II

"Everything in the world's one more little devil's tongue for me to bleed on. If it's a chair, I'll stove my shins on it in the dark; if it's a razor, the relation between us is an immediate possibility of my hurling it out the window; if it's a person, it'll say 'How are you,' and I'll nearly pass out apoplectic with pounding sentences. Don't you ever get that? An egocentric attitude of life, with nothing but you and God, and God making the world to plague you? No, of course not. Roman therms, resignation, either no God or a laisser-faire policy on the part of God; ah, how Walter Pater, how Parean marble, how off in the mountains to meditate. But I know there is a *God,* with a swagger, and an ugly leer, and a quid of tobacco in his cheek. However, my friend, damn you. You are driving me into this. I was unusually conciliatory this evening. Even a bit reminiscent, in fact." Wassermann stopped; Wright stretched and yawned with a miniature embarrassment.

"And then to this: *D'ordinaire, insinuante et impérieuse, elle violait doucement, intéressée par les capitulations successives, jouissant des retraits et des sursauts de la pudeur des mâles qui n'est vaincue qu'au moment où elle devient inflexible. Son jeu était serré, sûr et astucieux; delicieux insecte d'aventure, serrant autour de sa proie les spirales de son vole, elle chantait comme une abeille; puis, soudain l'abeille se taisait, buvait, les ailes calmes, la vie de la fleur humaine. Mais aujourd'hui, peureuse, elle se laissait dévêtir avec la patience d'une orpheline; sans autre désir que d'être agréable aux mains de son ami.*' What a velvet touch! He caressed those sentences as he would have caressed Mauve herself. For God's sake, man, give over that truck and read literature. Have you ever seen 'Le Miracle des roses?' No, you haven't. Then why talk about French literature to *me*?"

"By that time we were all pretty well soused."

"And then to this: *'Où pouvaient, songea-t-il, se recruter de telles vocations? Quelle corne, sonnant dans la nuit, sonnait assez haut, pour assembler un troupeau d'aussi lamentables femmes? Donner toute sa vie à la mort, n'avoir d'autre souci que la toilette des cadavres, la veillée solitaire près des corps rigides et des faces froides où l'ombre du nez marque une heure immuable sur la putréfaction de la joue!'* All the bigger Frenchmen have places now and then that run like rivers."

"*You* know that little hotel, too? The west rooms give you all you want of the Hudson in the morning. And no questions asked."

"Oh, no, I take it back, Wright. You get up in front of me like a big stupid face to be punched, and I am always just a little too off my balance to punch it. Someday I'm going to look at you, and promptly break into little pieces. You and . . ." . . ."And now it's Up-Swallow, Fifty Cents Gone. You couldn't get rid of money faster throwing it down the . . ." . . ."Cynthia are two marvelous forces to have drawn up in either direction of a man. It's as though I were in a big gloomy hallway, with an Italian carved grandfather's-clock on one side of me, and a family portrait on the other. Dull gold face and dull gold frame,—it's worse than if my two shoulders were sinister, had worms in them, and I could see them out of the corner of my eyes. You're like two big boats, dull black in a dull gray harbor. You're problems, like all static things.

"I had more promise during adolescence, right hand and all. Then these damned problems of human relations hadn't pulped me. I was a shrieking, battling *I*. At night I used to wander through the cemetery, and if I didn't get scared, I'd scare myself. I'd throw my arms around a tombstone, and listen, and then start to blab and blub as though I was mad, until finally I would be half-mad. And then I'd walk slowly away, with my back to all that darkness and pale white, and when I got out of there I would be sick. Once I vomited on the sexton. *Then* I was . . ."—". . .I wanted to kiss Minney and light my cigarette, and instead I put the cigarette in her mouth and nearly kissed the match. Did you hear that? I wanted . . ."

"But that's all different now. A man is worth something when there are women in general, not specific women. While there's a world of women, there's possibility; but what can I do? Flap and

flutter and squawk myself over the hedge. Go on stirring the brew to keep it from sticking. Rattle at my brain with words until I've numbed it. Thank God, there's always some satisfaction in a precise diagnosis. So long as I can chart my defections, I at least have the intellectuality of the chart to encourage me. And when I die, I'll know exactly how I'm dead. Hamletism is a remedy worth talking of. Especially Hamletism on the proscenium. For the hamletically inclined, there is always pause enough between the wound and decease to drop a cosmogony and a couple of attitudes on life. And how conciliatory it may be to pass away with a properly modernized *adsum.*

"Oh hell, oh hell. Out of this kitchen-pot of fairies, and kikes, and lounge lizards, and Spearmint stenographers, and fat old breeding machines on the East Side, out of these five million pancreas and livers, why do I have to moon over Cynthia! Why can't I get back into the swirl of things, and embrace the city in general? If I could plunge forward into some dawn or other. Or if the city could occur to me like a sudden revelation, with me shrieking, 'Fish! Fish! Jesus, Christ, God, Son, Saviour!'

"If religion is the sublimation of sex, where's *my* breviary? I'm nearly bursting with sex, and yet I just have enough religion to be mildly blasphemous. Why don't people shout at me when I walk along the street; why don't they lock their doors, and pile furniture against them, and watch me from their second-story windows; for I'm one unceasing swollen possibility of rape. I'm satyriasis stalking nymphomania. And yet if an auto were to run against me accidentally, I could call a policeman and have the driver arrested.

"But I have been too honest with myself. A man's a suicide if he insists on clarity. Beyond knowing what's right and what's left, and what's up and down, clarity becomes a grave nuisance. Intelligence is a parasitic growth, and saps the body like a cancer. It endangers the silver medium. The brain was once a mere implement of the body, functioning solely to add to the body's welfare, like the kidneys. But now it is threatening to usurp an entity of its own. It demands certain foods and amusements which can be indulged in only at great inconvenience and often with danger. *Comme on pisse les chiens,* one must walk one's brain. And it is still so young, that one's attentions to it are frequently of a disgusting nature. And so, I have

stuffed my brain with rich, oozy clarity, with the consequence that I can see every pore in every pore in every nose, and catch the smell of every armpit. And when you see that way, you have two choices: you can be either a dervish or a pig. If you're a dervish, you shrink from it all, and drown yourself in denials and negations, and spend sinister years trying to rub the filth out of your carcass. But if on the other hand you see it all, and *refuse* to deny, and are determined even to *glorify* and *wallow in,* then, friend, you are a pig. That is what clarity does for you. A sweet little virgin who grows up in neatness, goes to school, is courted tenderly, and finally married; there is modesty, refinement, loveliness for you—and intellectual muddiness, and passional stupidity enough to drive you wild. These women are perfectly functioning units, developing logically and infallibly towards the grand culmination, marriage. Thus we see how orderly and social things are without clarity. But *with* clarity, you must be either a recluse starving on God, or a cur with his nose under a tail."

Wright's eyes edged toward the centre of the room. Gutzkow, like a monster shadow, was holding a jug. Beside him was a university student with a small mustache, a watch in his hand. "Get ready—get set—Go!" The but of the jug was raised a little higher, while Gutzkow's lips wrapped themselves surely over the mouth. The liquid began seeking its level. Gutzkow took it amply. It was all like a fire-hose spurting into a sewer.

"Fifteen—twenty-twenty-two seconds. You take the money." Gutzkow had won.

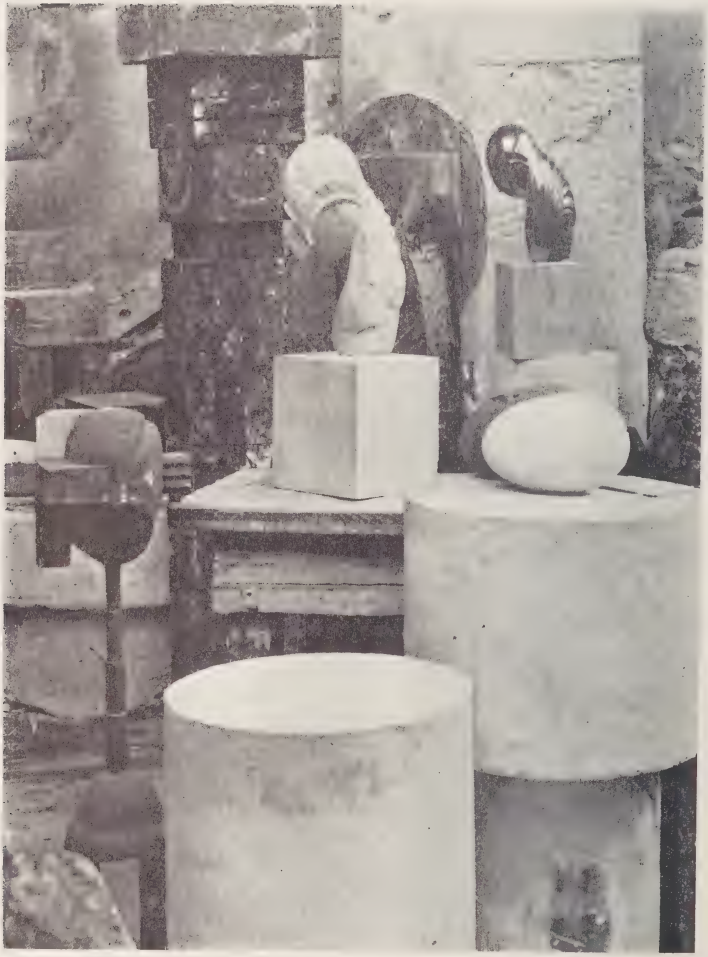
III

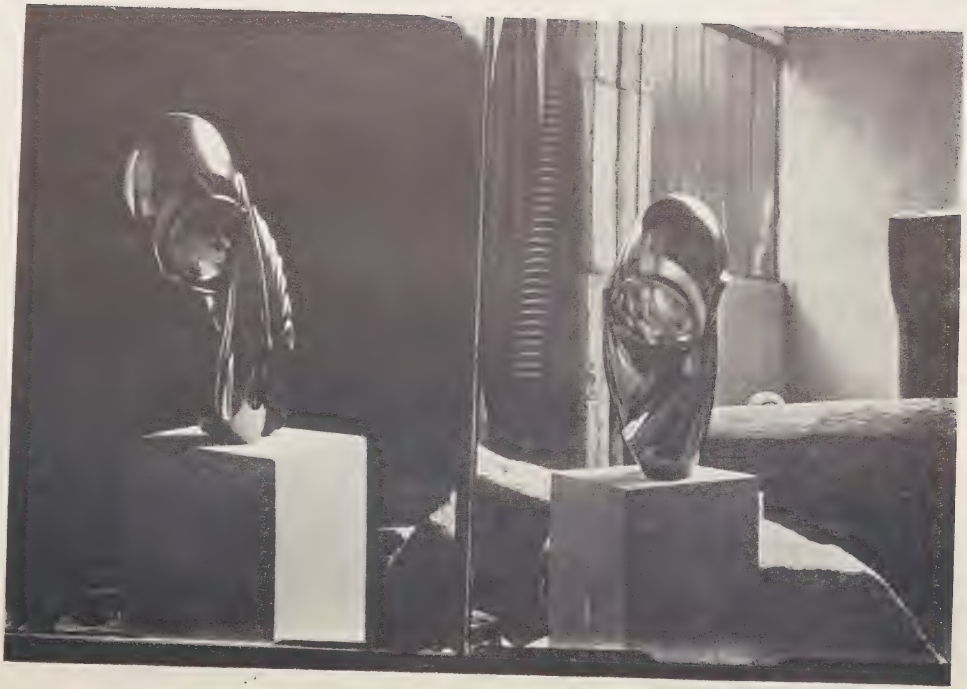
"Great God, man, I am escaping from sex. I suppose if you picked pins off the floor fast enough you could get out of an *idee fixe.* I'm trying to forget my captivity with battling around the cage. *Cynthia!* Christ, what a Muse! Between—its a nasty bell to have ringing in your head. Booze, dope, sweating, socialism—they're the only four escapes, and I've tried them all. Dope is the poorest; I can't go that way. I can thump and pound until I burst, but I can't fade away. And booze is only an accompaniment. It's just a steady bass to an agitated treble. Sweating is at best Tolstoyan. It's a grand theory that dies with a whine, like a pig-balloon. And at

worst Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Weary brawn at sunset—a tender department store master. Toiler with his pipe; open fireplace; wife and cradle; work basket on lap; sunset visible through window. And as for socialism, it's either bums or double-lens spectacles.

"I joined the 'Red Flag.' Recommended as trustworthy by a dear and intimate friend. The great night finally approached. We assembled in a ratskeller. 'Would you kindly leave the room, while the matter of new members is being discussed?' 'Certainly, certainly.' I went up to the bar and had a beer. Another beer, and I was summoned before the committee. 'Mr. Wassermann, before you pledge your word, you must understand that this is a grave matter. We are part of an organization forming over the entire country to resist the forces of reaction. We are an underground organization. The cause is greater than our life. The pledge binds you to be subject at any time to perform anything which is found necessary.' 'Mr. Chairman, I am not prepared to go blindly to such an extent. I am anxious to ally myself with the principles your organization stands for. But I cannot forswear the freedom of disposing of myself as I may see fit at any time. And to me my life is more important than the life of a community however great and oppressed.' 'Mr. Wassermann, you are a serious-minded man. You are no doubt earnest in your radical sympathies. But I fear you are not ripe for the cause we represent.' I am rejected, but my dear and intimate friend, who is one of the chosen, enjoys to this day the privileges of this dark organization. Once a month they give a dance, he tells me, and with the yearly dues of five dollars they are able to keep up a pleasant little clubroom, with translations of Russian novels, and three volumes of Schnitzler in the original. Also, I believe, there is a book by Karl Marx. . . . I was too mild.

"And again I am thrown back on Cynthia. . . . Scotch? Beer here. A Scotch and a beer, professor. . . . Why can't a man have a real opportunity? Or an arrangement whereby we can be of some use—consumptives, decrepits, and poor devils like me. I want to found a headquarters where all people can come who are going to die. Take a suicide, for instance. He comes into the office, with reliable credentials that he is a paranoiac; he has decided to kill himself. I look through the card index system; and find that so-and-so has been responsible for another half-cent rise in the price of sugar. My suicide





receives a full description of this gentleman, his habits, where he lives. Then goes out and murders him, explains publicly that it was owing to the half-cent increase in sugar, and kills himself. Or a consumptive could have done it, and spit his lungs out the following week in prison.

"But it's coming, men." Wassermann ignored Wright, and addressed the people at the next table. "The greatest hope of revolution in America came with the passing of prohibition. The American still has the instinct of the Boston Tea Party in him; he must have something trivial to revolutionize about. You can starve him, rob him, drive him among the cogs of a machine, or explode him, and he'll merely grumble. But step on his corn, or call him a bastard, or kick his dog, and by God, he'll murder you. . . . But I am afraid the ruling classes know this as well as I do. They won't force the issue too strongly, and as a result of this yielding, social unrest will disappear behind the aegis of mean prosperity, the ability to earn a good enough living, to marry and provide your wife with an effective douche. The Bismarcks and Von Moltkes of America will be more successful than their prototypes, because they possess enough English blood and English diplomacy to add hypocrisy to the rest of their dirty equipment. And the idealism of America is always low enough to enable the purchase of their chosen leaders. So we can expect every Sam Gompers of the future to appear in the best of society; we shall hear talk of great prosperity; of America's colossal commerce overtopping that of Great Britain; of America's stupendous merchant marine; of American banks in every third-rate city in the world. Everything will be 100 per cent American, made in America, *Amerika über alles*. Competent experts will be dispatched at the government's expense to study foreign markets, and the ways of eliminating foreign competition. Do you see what I am doing? I am prophesying the rise of another Prussia." With the word *rise,* Wassermann rose himself, and swung his right arm at the crowd that had gathered around his table. "I am depicting our development for the next thirty or forty years, when all of a sudden we shall awake to the fact that the armed forces of three-fourths of the globe are steaming toward our ports, to conquer another and a greater Prussia in another ghastly 'last war.' Perhaps I am ill-disposed tonight, ladies and gentlemen, but that is what I see tonight for this great stronghold of free speech,

constitutional rights, and making the prisons safe and so forth." Someone began to cheer, and the others took it up at once. "Shut up, you swine," Wassermann bit at them, and they shut up, causing a dead quiet. Outside, an elevated train rumbled past. Wassermann recommenced in a low voice. His peroration.

"Debs, we don't want you. Our constitutional liberties came too easily to us for us to defend them. Regardless of a country's constitution, it gets the sort of government it deserves; and we evidently deserve a government of hypocrisy, low-mindedness, under the species of eternity, the dollar. We don't want our constitution, Debs, we want salved nonsense, and sleek respectables, and greasy ward-bosses. And if you try to restore to us something we don't want, into prison you go, judged by twelve of our own good and true. To the dungeon with you, Debs, and if you attempt to do anything for us again, we'll lynch you, in accordance with another of our highly democratic customs. Do you hear? Like the friends of good government and humanity we are, we'll squeeze your neck till your eyes bulge and your tongue hangs out, and then we'll let you dangle there as food for the crows and approving editorials in the 'Times.'" He picked up his glass of beer, put it quickly to his lips, and took it at a gulp. Then with a sudden snarl, he flung the empty tumbler against the ceiling, where it smashed into bits, and fell on the heads of the listeners. He turned about viciously, and burst through the swinging doors, Out Into The Night.

* * *

"Why, Cynthia, must you insist on walking on these noisy streets? I want to break down tonight, and cry, and have my tears kissed, and all that. Cynthia, I am terribly miserable."

"What did you say, David? The cars, you know. It is hard to understand you when you speak so low."

"My God, my God. Everything is monsters! That damned fool speech in the saloon was a monster. My life since leaving you has been one monster after another. This situation tonight is a monster. Monsters, MONSTERS,—did you hear that?"

"Yes, David."

"I quarreled with my father today. He wanted me to learn that

dirty Jew business of his. Why must all Jews be either pawnbrokers or in the clothing business! I left the house. . . . That was another monster. And I went into a public

The wretch who did that had a direct mind; Rops was never madder; Cynthia, I love you!"

They were already on the Manhattan Bridge. Cynthia said nothing. *"J'eusse aimé vivre auprès d'une jeune géante.* Thank God, Baudelaire understood. I wonder if they know what they are doing, these mild college professors who put that sonnet in their anthologies." Cynthia said nothing. The lights along the shore revealed dim shapes. The thick girders of the bridge itself were dim and far above their heads. "I could take you now, and hurl you away down there into that black water. Couldn't I?" He cackled. "Eh, couldn't I?" Cynthia shuddered as she felt his arms on her hips. "Oh Christ, oh Christ!" he moaned. "I give it up. Cynthia, will you marry me!" Cynthia's heart gave a bound, but she still thought it advisable to say nothing. They stopped, and looked down vaguely into the water. Wassermann brooded wearily on the realization that he had proposed marriage, and was no doubt accepted.

IV

The candle was nearly out. (Cynthia had insisted on candles). She seemed to take it all so comfortably, this little snatch of platitudinous romance. The candle gone, leaving the room heavy with irregular darknesses; the fire in the grate a mere sullen glow; the cold drawing its circle closer and closer about them, and forcing them nearer to each other; his head resting on her knees. Wright wondered if she accepted all this without question; and he suspected that she was perfectly at home.

"Our last night together, Cynthia."

"And our first!" There was the hint of a sigh. Wright winced. My God, how women loved this sort of thing! Men *have* to hate other men, considering what must be said to women. Would she mention Wassermann? But he must quit gauging her; he must dip into this thing with heart. What nasty complications arose . . . his virginity, and her own. Did she know he was watching her? Do

women suspect the *calculating* eye of the male? The spider and the fly . . . trite again. Why didn't he rebel? Why couldn't he send her home, even at this late hour, and load his lungs with the cold fresh air of a good book? No, he had but one of two choices: he could pass this by and be as incomplete as ever, or he could keep her here and put up with the tarnish. It was tyrannical, yes, but inevitable, that no matter how far one has gone with reading, life must begin at the beginning. But wasn't this, too, a cheaply romantic judgment. to confuse life with sex? Like that little Jew back in Ohio who used to go down to the whore-district to "see life." But damn all this ergotizing; no wonder so many eager little girls can go so long untouched, if men must spend their time in straying from the highway. . . . But women demand some sort of ceremony; just as their sex is distributed all over their body, so the sex urge is less localized, less immediate. With men, philandering is cowardice; with women it is a completely accepted component in the formula of love. . . . Still, he yearned for a direct statement, and trusted in its efficacy, if he could ever find a fitting one. . . . He took off one of her shoes, and hoped to God that he had done enough. As he must have, since she kissed him a moment later, and went into the alcove, where he could hear her undressing. She had only dropped in for a few minutes; really she couldn't stay; and now here she was undressing in his alcove; he felt weighted down with experience, for he knew that *all* women would be this way.

"Good night, Lambert!"

"Good night, Cynthia. And don't worry about me. The little cot out here will be perfectly comfortable." All part of the ceremony, as they both knew; ten minutes later he was crawling awkwardly into bed with her, after rincing his mouth with Chartreuse.

She cuddled over against him, and a little song of happiness began singing within him. This thing on his shoulder,—it was lovely, it was *sweet*. Her cold nose was against his ear.

"Listen, little Cynthia; here is a speech on what people remember: People remember different things. Some people remember the names of everybody they went to school with, and some remember when they had chicken pox, and some remember their Latin, and some remember the first time they saw Eiffel tower, but I—I remember the tumult of her breathing in my ear." Thank God, he had delivered

it! He had walked up, and laid down his brick, and walked away. But Cynthia was sleepy. . . . He lay there helplessly, and let her slip away from him; tender, brutal, weary, rebellious—one by one his moods changed color, and all the while Cynthia drifted more impregnably into sleep. He loved the little twitchings of her legs. And last of all, he decided to forgive her, for surely girls do not realize they are so cruel. Cynthia was asleep.

Surely, he must be *thin,* he must be woefully *one-stringed,* to suffer this with such resignation. And poor little Cynthia would unconsciously take advantage of this. Yes, she was safe. Ferociously, then sentimentally, and then wearily he admitted it, she was safe. She would go to Wassermann with all the technical requirements fulfilled.

* * *

"You dog, you can sit there and smirk me on my way into matrimony. I confess, I have failed. It was marriage or nothing, and my nature abhors a vacuum. I'm done for. Wright, this is my epilogue, these words I am saying to you now. Or is my epilogue the ones I say five years from now, when I'm a Jew with a nose and a fat belly?" He approached a snear. "Do you know, do you realize, man, that I have patched things up with my father, that I am to be his junior partner, and that we are going to enlarge the firm? The Wassermann Clothing Company becomes the Greater New York Clothing Company, a growing organization, you see. Wish me luck, and hope never to see me again."

BRUXELLES-BERLIN VIA ROTTERDAM

DE bruxelles *qui-a-bu-boira-chicorée-pacha* NE-PAS-CRACHER au nom du roi fouler le territoire de la reine á rotterdam COMMERCE DE DÉLICATESSES aux VARIÉTÉS SCIENCE ET ART le chef d'orchestre patine religieusement la reine grasse de Saba enjoue au piston la belle vache accouche fromage colportent l'amour les Wilhelmines en serviette d'agent de change les moulins à eau brassent du vent les mains du coiffeur suent le sauret fumé tout est en demi-salé et sent les conserves aux *petits-maîtres* stérilisés les rotter-amsterdammeriennes au vent devant vont et viennent par La *Haye* au lunch-hotel sans décolleté s'engagent à la toilette car tout seulement sous les draps de lit la nuit volets fermés comme savon lait-battu en boites et pantalons sans brayette et la lune dévoilée dans son trou au jour s'éclipse à l'equerre l'eau lave les prairies en géométrie nature-morte *rembrandt-clair-obscur* en *accroupi-Berlage* les maisons sans étages coiffées du bonnet des vieilles flottent cul et cale au vol-au-vent les résineux solitaires s'ensablent patiemment rigides et orthodoxes se communiquent *à la toorop* leur bonsoir mystique en méditation prolifique aussi le sable car chiures en couches cosmopolites que la mer a délaissées derrière les dunes GARE FRONTIERE déclarer de Harlem l'huile pour rêves lunatiques et autres constipations les valises valent les voyageurs curiosité de linge sale quelle farce fabuleusement absurde que cette vie humaine VOITURE RESTAURANT SOUPE MITROPA universelle est l'hygiène DÉFENSE DE CRACHER se congestionnent à la morale hollandais contre Américain la dame polit en or ses dents minutieusement s'annonce berlin république à la réclame électrique INSTITUT POUR ENTERREMENTS.

CLEMENT PANSAERS

HISTORICAL SURVEY

"The mantle of Mathew Arnold has decended."—S. T.

ABOUT the year 1921 the young gentlemen of Devonshire St. (P.B.S.) invented the new solemnity. (Vide the Chapbook). It was said that this was an approvable antidote for Middleton Murray and people of that sort (J. C. Squire, etc.) who should however be dealt with by chemists.

A plague of potato bugs does not call for a counteracting movement in literary criticism, neither is there any use in trying to combat one form of idiotic and pompous solemnity by assuming the mannerisms of the Times Lit. Sup.

Mr. Aldington's article on Joyce in the English Review is the funniest thing that has appeared in England for some time; if he does not succeed in succeeding Edmond Gosse, he at any rate ousts Mr. Owen Seaman, and for this clever bit of sewer cleaning he certainly should receive a pension from the ever just British Govt.

The Dean of English criticism, Mr. T. S. Eliot, pronounces that "the greatest poets have been concerned with moral values"; this red-herring is justifiable on the grounds of extreme mental or physical exhaustion. The "greatest of poets" (Herr Je! what a phrase) have also eaten food, walked—and, mehercule, walked upon *legs*. The statements are of about equal value, my own having perhaps a greater per centum of truth in them, a, let us say, 99¼% and should therefore be the more welcome to cautious and scholarly minds.

Aeschylus was concerned in proving that the gods were a bad lot, Oedipus got a rotten deal, etc. Villon is "concerned," I should worry. Shakespeare dramatized some of Montaigne's superficialities, and did perhaps, in Hamlet, indulge in a little Vale Owenism, but the question of survival of personality is metaphysical rather than ethical.

And in any case, in anny kase, in enny case, it is buncomb to drag these matters into a question of poetry.

A work of art, one almost ought to call it an "act of art," is enjoyable in proportion as the maker has made it to please himself.

This is not a superficial test superficially applicable. The conviction came to me in looking at four paintings by Clement Pansaers (about whose writing I have, for the moment, no opinion whatever).

These paintings are not especially novel, they are, let us say, related to the sort of thing Matisse *was* doing in 1911-12, and, in less degree, to Kandinsky.

I could see in them no defects, and very possibly no nameable merit save the chief merit, i. e., that there remained with me no doubt whatever that Pansaers had made them because he wanted to make them, that they had, historically, no other reason for existence.

(Such, upon enquiry, appeared to be case, historically: Pansaers had turned from his writing-desk, siezed his wife's already prepared palette, and put paint onto canvas).

By this test you can sort out the real from the academic; and I'm hanged if it isn't the only test that leads one through the labyrinth; that enables one to reject, on grounds, the floods of rubbish poured over one, the floods of rubbish which conform to every defined excellence of the definers; of the academics.

It is the one test that dodges the adjectives set up by compliers for the purpose of protecting the second rate.

(And now, gentlemen, now that the broken eggs and brick bats lie thickly upon the platform, I may perhaps be permitted to continue.)

Even in the "greatest" (for god's sake let us say "longest" if it refers to literature, and "largest" if it refers to painting, and "bulkiest" if to sculpture) . . . works the live part is the part which the artist has put there to please himself, and the dead part is the part which he has put there for some other reason . . .; which he has put there, let us say, because he thinks he *ought* to—i. e., "ought to," either to get or to *keep* an audience; or to conform to some standard of culture, or to avoid a "vulgarity," or to please a cult (ethical, religious or arty).

When the idea of duty comes in, pleasure ceases. This simple statement is as true of art as of amours.

Precisely, a work of art made to please the artist may be comic (unintentionally comic), it may be agreste, barbaric, even stupid (as Montaigne and Dürer and Monticelli are, often, stupid) but it will not be *dead*. It will not have the distinguishingly moribund character of a review in the Times, or of the poems in my volume "Canzoni."

The curse of the older generation in America was that they were always trying to impress "their duty" on writers. It is a writer's business to be dutiful if he *likes* being dutiful; and to be undutiful if it pleases him to be undutiful,—in which latter case he is more likely to be sympathetic.

The new generation in America, consisting of Mr. T. Jewell Cravens, W. C. Blum, and a few old gentlemen like Van Wyck Brooks have somewhat broken away. That bad boy Mr. Mencken is on another tack

Mr. Blum is a wicked man, well disposed toward me, personally, but still wicked. He makes and repeats in slightly altered form, in the Dial, the statement that I have pretended that parsing the classics will save American literature, and "make" authors.

"Parse all the classics, ancient and modern," is the only phrase of his I can verify at the moment. This he calls "Pound's remedy for us," (i. e., American writers).

Mr. Blum is a man of many virtues but that statement is buncumb. The one use of a man's knowing the classics is to prevent him from imitating the false classics.

You read Catullus, to prevent yourself from being poisoned by the lies of pundits; you read Propertius to purge yourself of the greasy sediments of lecture courses on "American Literature," on "English Literature from Dryden to Addison"; you (in extreme cases) read Arnaut Daniel so as not to be overawed by a local editor who faces you with a condemnation in the phrase "paucity of rhyme."

The classics, "ancient and modern," are precisely the acids to gnaw through the thongs and bulls-hides with which we are tied by our schoolmasters.

They are the antiseptics. They are almost the only antiseptics against the contagious imbecility of mankind.

I can conceive an intelligence strong enough to exist without them, but I can not recall having met an incarnation of such intelligence. Some does better and some does worse.

The strength of Picasso is largely in his having chewed through and chewed up a great mass of classicism; which, for example, the lesser cubists, and the flabby cubists have not.

The use of the classics is to give man courage, not merely a fomentary courage, but the permanent courage, to please himself, and not to give the minutest fraction of a half-baked underdone damn for any alleged consequence whatsoever, social, moral or political. (Under social read economic.)

The work of art is not a means.
The work of art is an end.

It is the result of an act or actions committed to please the artist and for *no* other reason. Plenty of bad writers are doubtless writing in the way they like . . . to get an audience, to keep an audience, to pay the rent, to attract the attention of someone whom they admire, the result is a botch. A botch because they ought to attempt their various aims with a pick-axe or with a checque-book or by growing a blond and beautiful beard.

The work of art is an end. When he has done it, the artist is *as artist* through with it. If he remembers it, if it is good enough to give him pleasure when he next sees it, when he sees it after a lapse of ten years, he then approaches it as the admiring spectator; or if he has a pride in it, if it serves to lift him out of a grutch, he approaches it merely as the proud parent, or in some such sentimental, human relation.

EZRA POUND.

NOTE: The joke of it is that, the then, Mr. Henry Newbolt, author of Drake's Drum, now Sir Henry Newbolt, author of what's-its-name, said something very like the main idea of this essay in Fuller's Tea Shop, in 1913 or '15 after an utterly un-informed and imbecile lecture by himself to the British Royal Soc. of Lit.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th, 1916.

COURT MARTIAL of PARIS

COMPANION, a territorial, aged 43, is a soldier of grave and melancholy appearance.

He was tried yesterday before the 2nd Court Martial of Paris, before Colonel Chartier, upon a charge of desertion. The President asks the Accused: "What did you desert for?"

ACCUSED: I asked for a furlough and they wouldn't give it to me. I had to go to my home at Stains, near Saint-Denis. I had my potatoes to dig; they couldn't wait. I set to work at once and worked hard. When I'd got all my potatoes out, I went straight back. I did not know I had deserted.

PRESIDENT: You seem to forget it's war-time. We can't have you leaving your regiment to dig potatoes. You are not giving a serious reason.

ACCUSED: I had to get my potatoes out somehow.

Dedication

The poem is dedicated to
Roland Garros
prisoner at Güstrin
Germany

Garros I you
Garros here
we
You Garros
Nothing but this black silence

Morane
lunch at Villacoublay
we see in a stereoscope
all your photographs

Malmaison

the lawn the bees
Josephine's harp a
large broken
wing

you lived in her room
dear creole

Cüstrin so far away in
Joanne and Larousse
Cüstrin hard to find on the
map

Garros our flights
I thought we were falling
and it was your famous
bank on the wing

now they teach it to all the
pilots
at Plessis-Belleville

a thread of sky divides
a lump of heart
infinitely

and we sink upward
but
I knew your grasp

pilot
familiar of graphite
and over our silences as if
inside a diver's helmet

the dead town
inverted

Grip tight Garros
hold on to my shoulder

Dante and Vergil
crouched over abysses

I will take you up now in
my turn
familiar ink.

and here are my loopings
my records of high altitude

There is no use asking
more questions
deaf
in my wind my motor and
my mask
I choose you
on purpose
prisoner of men

unable to defend yourself
from my fraternal gift

we move with the whole
factory
the mechanisms have start-
ed their racket

enormous rag-times
short-circuits
moon-twitchings

a rod rhymes with a rod
a piston with a piston
a bolt with a thousand bolts

but none of one sort with
those of any other

coition
at a distance

the same oil runs in the
joints

and at the funeral dentists'
the American convict

Invaded wih amperes
Goes down like a ship
mast-under

here is the song of obe-
dience
our exiguous slave's
rôle

and you
leaden angel Garros
your great sad epic

poor friend we are so heavy

Preamble

where the poets attempts
to outline a poetic

Not a minute to be lost

the cocks
uproar of limbos
barkings of ghosts in flight
an- ge- lus
hamlet
delivers the dawn
hawks
The clock
Come stand up

I drive my heavy team
a swallow
sucks in
eagerly its sharp cry
and

capsizes
on the storm-shaken grass
swallows
the sour shreaks
then
the artesian
blood
obstructs an
plant infallible

An early airplane awakes
me
in the deep ocean
the sponge listens

to a transatlantic propeller

in its sluggish brain
in its hive of bitter salt
in its lungs of yellow tow

the rye-kernel
without grass' chatting
and far from emphatic trees

I
plant
it
it will sprout

forsake the country feasts

for the explosive word falls
harmlessly
eternal through
the dense generations
and if not you
nothing
will detonate
its fragrant melinite

Hoio
I discard eloquence
The hollow sail
and the swollen sail
that cause the ship to lose
course

my ink indents
and there
and there
and there
and
there
sleeps
poetry

The looking-glass wardrobe drifting ice-floes
the little eskimo girl
dreaming
in a heap
of moist negroes
her nose was
flattened there
against the pane of dreary christmases

A white bear
adorned with chromatic moire
dries himself
in the midnight
sun

Liners
the huge luxury
immersed
slowly founders
with all its lights

thus
the ball founders
into the thousand mirrors
of the palace hotel

and now
It is I
thin Columbus of phenomena
alone
in front of a looking-glass wardrobe
full of linen
and locked

The stubborn miner
of emptiness
digs
in his plenteous mine
the rough possible
there glitters
amid the white rock

O
cataleptic princess of Perrault

listen to my horn
and to my pack
I release you
from the forest
where we overcame the
spell

here
by the pen
with one another
we are
married
on the page

islands Sobs of Ariadne

Ariadnes
crawling
Ariadnes the seals
for I betray you my fair
verses
to
run and awaken
elsewhere

forecasting no architecture
simply
deaf
like you
Ludwig Beethoven

blind
like you
old innumerable
Homer
born everywhere

I elaborate
in the meadows of inward
silence

and the work of the mission
and the poem of the work
and the verse of the poem
and the group of the verse
and the words of the group
and the letters of the word
and the least
loop of the letters
thus
your foot
of satin
accurate
I place them in position
Blondin
pink
rope dancer

Sucked down by the abyss

to the left to the right

the god shakes the tight
rope
and I walk
towards the other bank
with infinite caution

New York
buildings
this triangular and Amer-
ican
angel perch
little acropolis
not
made in Germany where
they are always making
bad blue prints
of eternity against nature

lift
column
ascending always

Slumber of ideal lines
harrassed
gods
there asleep
As the ear seeks in a shell
an hereditary rumour

the eye
against a crystal paper-
weight

follows
the merry-go-round of sil-
ences

the unknown curdles
diluting
aquarium blossoms

elohim's hands
octopuses of darkness

on the fly's retina
ten thousand times the
lump of sugar

we expected God almighty
inside it

Acrobat
perfect dancer
I admire
you

walking on our feet
our arms

free for any kind of motion
but you
on your hands
slowly
the useful leg stops
exactly where it must
precise sheaf

The shoulder alone having
felt the yoke
breathes
free
and none
better than you the fugue
Igor
none
better than you Pablo ana-
tomy

none better than I alexan-
drine
arithmetic

Advance

turn not back
your past blazes
you would become
a sugar column

a statue
of sugar
seated Advance crush
dove - slaughtering Her-
cules

Tropmann

So that be accomplished
the child conceived
in androgynous solitude

I am the empty
battery
humble heavy at the mercy
of a discharge

within me
the ripe storm
this domestic catastrophe
electrolysis of fleece
entwines an alp
around the aneroid baro-
meter

an ox lightening-coated
bellows

stained continental
to the mauve thunder

the cannonade
through the foliage
they let go
for fright tufts
of herbs

God coos on the tops of
am-a-zed trees
whither goes
this cool dark cloud
shaken
with pale twitch-
ings

I feel a shock coming
platforms are decked with-
in me

a procession starts
elsewhere
will I be worthy
foaming Cumean
shaken Sybil
o medium
o god-trap

after the crisis crackle
remnants of phosphorus
an
echo of Olympus' laugh
against me

they thought they were our
light
and my music
in truth for
they seek on their own scale
but you
let this puddle
carry you away to the At-
lantic Ocean
this cane
to the redwood
monstrous cedar
Ancestor
Far west
hollowed out
tunnel
darkness
bark

into it

I saw this on an ad-
vertisement
of the Transatlantic
Steamship Company

the scarlet mail coach
hurls itself
staminated
with golden trumpets

Bend this rail incline

A varnished toboggan

draw up
the alphabet

already
brand new rolled up
the poem in good order
moves
advance
leftward-bound traveller
as far as this April cross-ways
where
awakening
with dawn's contagious crowings

one road alone
remains
which is to the left
to the right
and in the middle

As the Father the son and the Holy Ghost

Attempt to Escape

where the poet tries to escape from the earth

You earth-adorer
plant clear save marry
copulate
and heavy
and your foot heavy

treads upon your inherited lot

your leaden sole
antipode
drive in your spade
turn up your field
geological convict

the planet-dwellers' de-
pressing labour

prisoner of your own pres-
ence
the stratified soil breathes
you
son of earth
retained by the navel-string

lying flat against her
you carry the infinite
astride your back

heavy heavy
tyrant turf

with one kiss the mother
crushes
the prodigal son

Among the ants
the lean ant
stirs
and bequeathes her lot

white butterfly
a gale of zephyr

makes it swerve
after mass
through the hills
as far as it goes

its course strands on umbels

the tree-haunting bird chir-
rups

the pagan enthusiastic tree
cheering the season
draws its sap
from catacombs

I I listen
to the dull picks
the dull shocks
of the unknown dull shocks
dull shocks of picks

the upright miner
keeping in his breath
digging the reverse gallery
he tries to join
the others

Sons of punished airmen
there is slaughtered
he who ventures himself

the pearl fattens for the diver

the Unknown
cuts the tube

the diver will not have the pearl

they all died on the shore
of forbidden
explorations

I Vasco of sad effort
the captain

Standing in the dark
ductile to nothing else but the inhuman
I awaited the truce-ambassadors
of void

never seen
chromatisms
calcinate
tuberculosis

A propeller
(visible elsewhere)
its ghost rumbles here
proving the disk

and mows off the unbelieving hand

therefore
this angel heedless elsewhere
may
to us
appear
the ineffable slackening giant
condenses himself
suddenly there
first the shoulder

then springing

Jacob rolls over him

sternum knee bone grass
struggle
hits narrow
he felt the wing
at the shoulder blade
the lukewarm hunchback
irregular breath

of an oppressed nostril
steam
against the neck

he tries to bite

grips hard

rage muscles

sweat sweet about hair roots

a sheaf of flesh
in the dark boxing-ring

warm night

the fabulous young monster splashes
the finished bath of a huge swan

Jacob finds
an advantage
of weight
weighs
pants
elastic
crushes
swan's spasm
lying on top
weighs

Swan's spasm

on him
fierce male Leda
the big starred American negro of the match
totters
drunk with pink blows

just a little more courage
are these hands they slip
cocks spread out the dawn

at last
I see my quarry
to face
pants cocks
weighs cocks
grass cocks
dark boxing-ring cocks

Jacob struggled against the angel

full night

at morn
alone

lawns anvils angelus
the cocks
dawn wets
that stiff winner falls asleep
wakes

without even
a trampling of feathers
without even
something of Armida

I really thought I held the angel

one night
I hoped
in an opera of slumber
he was following
a farmwall of my
childhood
rue Labruyère
at dusk

he approached

a familiar face somewhat different
and mad
withdraws
into the poppies of darkness

my shoulder
swerving
the dream
an endless fall

digs an abyss of linen
I start

and if he enters will I understand him
a Bethlehem peasant
towards help scampers off full speed
for
the new messenger angel
dashes from the hayloft
like a starting fire

Nothing wearies
my enterprise

antedeluvian atrophied organ

I cultivate its dead trace

knock against the metals of planets
I vibrate in answer to the planets

monstrous with solitude
and sensitive
brotherhood

Along the eo
lian
bowl oe ié
my wet finger
awakens
a star

eo ié eu ea

a a ea eo ea
ue ue eo ea
âaoa eâoa
â u e â eo eu
â a e o u e u
e u e â a ue ue eo ua
o a o
â a o a
o a â a e a o â
e a e â o â o â e a u â e a u â
o â o â e a u â
e â e â â â

heark en

in self strengthless
song of earths
coincides

I am sick of being a man
understand that

if you knew from where I
dive up
I have ripened like a cata-
strophe
everything laughed wrong
and suddenly thunders
certainty
I carry certainty in me
and the right to certainty
against over under and in-
side

I carry within me
the superposed
nines
of the proof
the gold coin and the mar-
ble
that the gold coin rings on
there is no more this and
that
mine or yours

I have crossed the zone

of wreaths

where
hammocks and gondolas
get entangled

I accuse
I lash
I whip traffic

I will find the combination
of the safe

I do not commit suicide
I do not bend Sicamber
I do not dig my grave

I pursue desperately
where all
submit

they build themselves
houses
introductions to graves

now
those who had chosen
were pauper'd
of all the rest

Side for
and heavy on the soil
and alone
and dig the earth
an earth-adorer's place

or die of yourself

if not
the exit
is where I am seeking it

An atavism of eternity
my finest child's voyage

One ought to turn back
quick
anyhow
anywhere

overtake angel and do-
main

Am I the dead man
in this arm-chair
the slow escort
a final farewell mo-
tion
is swallowed up empty
screen
a white tremor
or Captain Scott and
his friends
return to die
long ago
every evening
in a Veronica eskimo
cinematograph
shroud

they reached our eyes
like an already dead
star

and not that vain heroism
of tourists

but a rape

that supernatural film gives
a hope
of discoveries
worthy of us

and no maps
no compass
no pemmican
no tallow
no gold balloon
seal charmer

Elsewhere Fluids
Openings

It is not in human sand
that the angel has left
his footprints

where sits to die
possessing all things
Alexander

One morning Columbus
weighs anchor

on on mad crew
we will discover America

a shell of icy laughter ex-
plodes
in the varnished deckhouse
scatters the jostled lambs
of the wave

an unknown desire flags the
frigates

the sea rocks a newborn sky

the wide hearted pilot
breathes
in spite of all
a native certainty

my note my frigate
my cry

where the wax region of
silence
absorbs a cry
where
the treble breaks

I I sing

Malibran
dies
in the throat
of the son
of that locksmith
slow science couning its
legs
gallops
having lost the poet's
track

between A and B
swarm the signs

infra do
ultra si
where
the eagle peels off blind
where
the walrus' blood

nipped
curdles a shrub of black
crystal I fly
and swim
listen to me behind silence
listen to me over silence
my bone knocks
the outside of alpha
and the outside of omega

I glide
along countless
intervals
oiled
on sonorous slopes
tinkles
meadow over inter-
vals

I
my sides injured
against the octave
and weight
and the twenty-six children
of Cadmus
and purple
and red

I watch in ambush
angel hunter

on this threshold
even the most victorious

stops
poor of conquests

I tease eternity

Georgics of Death

where the poet
returns to men

I sign my name at the start
plain without pedal
pleiad jack rabbit
thyme seller's cry
Remy Belleau
Seine-et-Oise
quite morning
quite tricolour

the rich manure incenses
the month of August
on the edge
of a gardener's roof
warbled
a glycina
red bricks the farm yard
boils the white dung
and the blissful greengages
there
the well anchored cock
crows
his golden egg
Some day perhaps looking
back
they will sing the great war
I John
I have eaten the book
on a milestone
Rheims Joan Patmos
I John I have seen Rheims
destroyed
and from afar it smoked
like a torch

A Rheims house thunders
wavers
and open it shows
a frame
a bed
a console table

high high the seraphim
split melinite
september sky
the aircraft register the firing

the cathedral
a golgotha of guipure
smoking islet I look at
its vitriolated face

a scampering priest passes

my hip hurts me very much
since I was hit by that rafter
look out lie down
the silky flourish of shells
this horse limps in its entrails
"they are aiming at the gazometer doctor"

Some day they will tell of Ugolin
the matron cannibal
licks eats chews digests
the young flesh
they will tell of her mouthfuls

they will tell of Cosmos
he yawns
after sleeping centuries
and moves
and compels man to wound him
with hot gashes

to feed upon him
and to feed him

they chose the lustiest
the tenderest
having some human motives
medals covenants revenge
to believe themselves free despite of
the despotic order

they will tell of the plague

the fire roaring
from east to west

and Pallas the lean maiden
who loves only fatherlands

they will sing the Georgics
of death

and seed time
having come
the general of Georgics
the blue bellied patriarch
a fresh clod
and a map
in his hand
sitting
gold starred
he directs the game

he eyes the country girl
red bonneted
the big manly girl
sowing the seed

they will tell of the name-
less seed
the new contact
that nestling of eyes and
beards
at ground level
that farming September
humus rootlets clay
the fringe of faces of the
two countries

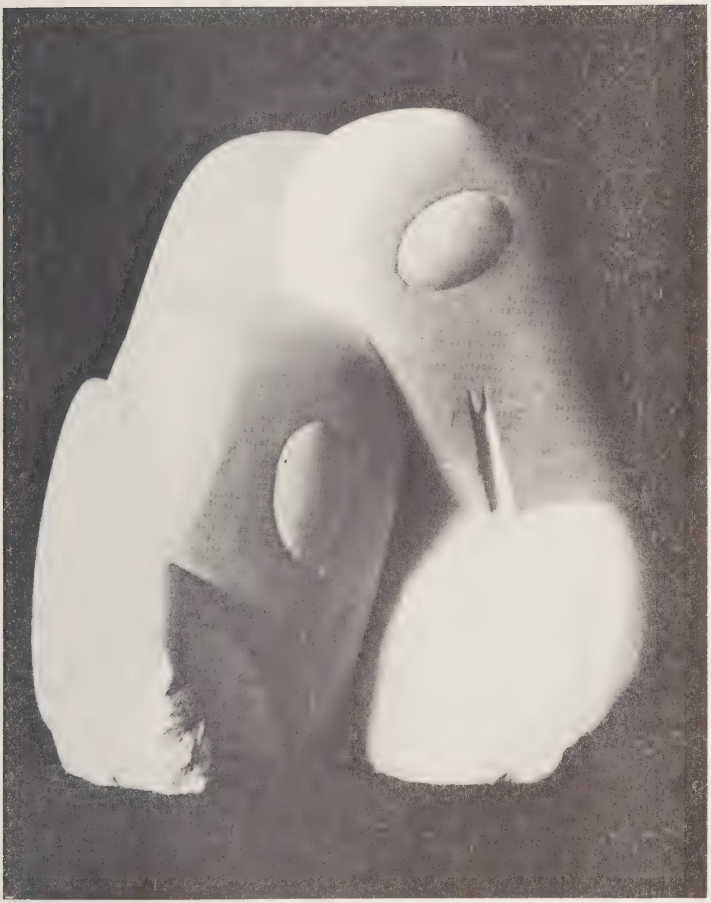
one heard

voices singing
O Tannenbaum
one heard
clear
on the other bank
of a river
one heard chatting the
voices
of the German army

O Tannenbaum
O Tannenbaum
wie grün sind deine
blätter

and on our side school
laughter
good brogue laughter
on our side

medley wedding cake
deep alchemy
the ploughman himself has
dug the acre
with merry steel
In it he has sown his body
you will eat his body
and you will drink his body



and already

watch

under monotonous dusks
of gangrene
a Gulf-Stream of sweetish
phenol

against this big stiff horse
laughing to the angels

grows the ear

the youth
a plant reappeared hoists
himself
in the morning sun

Surge of the Globe
the ploughed fields
the metempsycosis harvest
the miners after fire damp
in the elbow a childhood's
sleep under the lamp

the swamp of uniforms

number
black honey of flies
Hill 137

they will tell of the awful
day
when the minotaurus being
no longer hungry
they overfed him
they will tell of the clearing
stations
those who are carried back
tepid night
a dissarray of awful love
of revel
where? strechers
safety lamp
Crib
this group of women
the sponge
and the pail in the dark
Luggage window n° 3

the staring eye

uninterrupted
is internally stupefied
by each of their tragedies

they will sing
the hour of forbidden intelligence
the hour of the heart not of the brain
when one had to love the couitry too much
to be too patriotic

and the leather blinkers
against a thousand shades
like a bigot
tight in her weeds
loves God
with his white beard his dove on his right
his son on his left
a golden throne
lilies music of harps

they will sing the great victory of the Marne
the Meuse the Year
the great famous misery
which was not a miracle
which was not a chance
but quite possible
quite logical
quite in accordance
with French history

Perrault
and the Bible

Thus
a huge farce
turns victory over
and tucks her up
along an immortal September

a whirlwind of ruddy flesh
an avalanche of country laughter
and the villages blossom anew
like a 14th of July
an avalanche
an avalanche of sheep chasing the eagles

the red dogs
close followed
by at last the touching pack of deer

a victory
over the best of Germany
and over the least good of France

the great anarchist victory
its young wings
against the wind

the great riot
the great thaw forward
a blue and red cataract
purges
the gray countryside
rubs off
from the compact
rose
a slug's slabber

a victory over war
and over covenants
and over yesterday's strategists
and over the tired chiefs
and over the powerful prevaricators
and over the Chamber of
sweat and garlic
and over the republican
autocrats
they look on amazed
through a vent hole
having barricaded the door
from fear

the gay anarchism that protects them
and saves them from the
black eagles
and the woodlice
they will sing the sans culotte *epic*
the deadly corn
and everybody is alike
all men are equal
having mouths noses ears
and a rifle
and everyone is sleepy
and everyone
sleeps
on the ground
he who was accustomed to
sleep
ouside
as well as
the man of property

a college single file
a crowd
mutinied
suddenly
against the unfair fate

and these little heaps of
lime
more commemorative
than busts of marble

and the dumb opinion
of the trees of the shrubs
witnesses of the crime
they did not
look back
like Lot's wife
towards
unworthy sloth
to be turned into a statue

they marched on
from vineyard to vineyard
from house to house
from field to field

well at ease in their indiscipline
steady in their independence
sprightly
in their odd uniforms

Ah!
there were Alexanders
Jasons Caesars Bonapartes
by the bushel
leading the dance
and we do not know even their names

and masses in the boroughs
with
trumpets drums
at the elevation

bronze crosses
if you have the luck to keep alive
and if you die
on some dot in the map
a few ashes
a little mud
beech cross
in the belly
and
instead of the hebrew
INRI those Kings
The Passion

a blue cap

Potatoes' earth
clover's earth
op poppies of beets
of graves

greedy Jehovah
Jehovah who eats
doves clouds houses

and all things that within
them are
Jehovah the man-eater
chews you
with his big teeth
so that Goliath may die and
so that
Saul may die
and so that I
David

harrassed by deep struggle
may slingless return and
recover
his lute

The Paviour's Song

where the poet returns to earth

Jacob climbs up to the
sunny shutters
between a concert of angels
and a sound of steps
in the back yard

workmen nailing nailing
deep hammers
that metallurgic
angelus
built in the narrow yard
with the plain-chant of love
songs
a catafalque

a pigeon filled with gold
tips over roof angle

the surf of chesnut trees
jumps and thunders
against the curb's break-
water
tame heat opens its good
jaw
the Alexander gold blazes
and out of the arch
of cool night
the royal blue Chocolat
Menier
Charenton
new asphalt between the
uneven palaces
a large canal of sunshine
night
the deep liquorice
reflects the blue darkness

as a negro so pale at
Columbo mirrors
the wide tobacco leaves he
gathers

a radiotelegram has run
over the sea
the lambs hustled on the
sea's icy slopes
and that back wind from
the offing brings
a tom-tom

the
pine apple carapace
of sour
sun
out of which sprouts
a savage chignon of
greenery
the savages here come the
savages
around the charming Eiffel
neck
the bow-net
the plesiosaurus
squall of unknown
carrier pigeons
lets the eloquent azure drop
down
to the water's edge

four elephantine paws

the water flows under the
never quenched bridges

park
of green balloons
young trees swelled
with oxygen
spring laughs
hiding a thousand
explosives

I start
Eiffel Tower
harlequin
cage of the blue birds

posters

the clouds the barges

the iron chignon'd pine
apple

Trocadero

a green water peacock
floods the whales
the whole poultry yard
scatters

KUB BYRRH BYRRH
PETIT JOURAL
Punch and Judy shake out
tree laughter
eleven o'clock
young bare armed work-
man
paves drives in
the big mosaic
planes the cube
drives it in
between other cubes care-
fully joined
in drab flooring

PIANOS A.BORD
grave labour of frivolous
arms
young anonymous arms
so much health so many
embraces
lost there

noble arms
sober
leonine
massive
formal
nubile
chaste
the bitter elbow of bread
calibered
camouflaged
packed
resigned

glossy
simple
georgic
in the young etruscan
jar
an old blood freshens
from father to father
nuptial
thick
ripened
silent
fluctuous
animal
pomonian
gregorian
gymnast
supple full marine saline
diving

copulous
populous
fluvial
agricultural
the maizefed pigeon of the
biceps bridles
up
honest
grave
kneaded
melodious
blind
heavy
heaped
basketed
infatuated
dense
frugal
comrade
warm bread mag-
nolia pillars
the way to tie rigging
apricot rubber
potteries
fresh sod of evening
ploughing
trombone
voices of the alto and
trombone

grave arms leopards
seals
processions held back
roots of the morning
sun
suddenly
biplane the unequal
organ
of chimneys
swells a continuous fugue
opening
with fierce up and down
strokes
gradually
(we see the tricolour tar-
gets)
havocs a sky of Sunday
buildings
bores a hot tunnel
raving artichoke
the wooden star shwalls
and rwabs
and grooves an open track
for its cow's its archangel's
tricks
is it going to feed in my
hand
dives to the right and climbs
to the left

another
hear the rumble

joins in the game
full blown cycling-track
DUNLOP
platoon of pacemakers
there
look quick
bel low ing
a third aluminium
archangel
haymaker of the waste heat
wool-cards a cloud
carries back to its ornitho-
drome
a clash of bitter abdomen

the big factory Sainte Ge-
nevière
high high
this fa
murmurs

the great watchful organs
deep voice of Orion
and high
so high 4000
no more
the ear yields to the eye
alone
a Himalaya snow
two etherivorous
hawks

The young navvy
blinks to the sun
and bends down again
to his work
having slightly raised
his head

The Organ

where the poet listening to
airplanes thinks of
a spiritual
machine and pilot

In the cool lofts of the
church
already
far from the torrential sun
disguised motley
of the roses
I had founded you out
machine

one day
Palm Sunday mass
mad weaver
pilot
prepares in a dim loft

the sailing off with his crew
bunch of profiles
one of them
pushes in the enamel keys
another
testing the machine
pulls the break handles
another
switches on the machinery
at brink of the catholic abyss

Elevation
little cluster

the ogival echo coughs and grinds

all clear

the solemn pyramid of silence
falls
on Samson
sitting in the element he draws out of the void
to keep up his flight

pitches
and rolls carrying off the aft-castle
triumphantly
will he tear it off at last
from earth
David to Jerusalem street-bands
dances
around the ark
and stiffly Saint George rears
and Siegfried props himself
and Perseus
neighing albatross
on the threshold of caves
a prey of carnivorous organs
the monster's breath with jaws open

organs ogres wardens of the original fugue-coffer

the bush-fingered hero
obstinately tries
to unstick the melody

these standing lions
these tame archangels
roar chirrup

the whipless tamer
mesmerizes
aviay menagerie
with all his body

God slips and speaks aim-
ably
through the birdlet

here
from depths
polyphonic hurricane
stretches itself
through a pewter forest
naked clay groups Michael
Angelo

and
mouthpiece on the poop
captain in charge
cries out
orders
in this hurricane

hangs on desperate
to the ropes
until at last
the unmasted organ

rolls
in its own cyclone

Suddenly the Melisande
note
boring through the vault
silence
goes up to God
a pure fountain jet

Pan sluice levels
revel and beatitude

April dries up floods

a honeyed bush
blossoms
into roaring wild-roses

The Sheds

where the poet remembers
the sheds of Billancourt
where airplanes
are built

Far West Texas Prairie
ranches
wooden cities
film youth
under Billancourt sky

ALDA ALDA the
veranda
the balloons graze gas
in the aerostatic fields
goatkilted boys dance
felt hats gauntlets
the scarf around Rio Jim's
neck
is certainly red

hip waltz half-turn
fire!
they strung up the horse
thief on a eucalyptus-
tree
in the Andes

Are you there? Post Office?
the ugly Antinous at his
zinc counter
retails his gin trumps
coats off
a rough house with the
gold diggers

MY DEAR DURKE
the Indian chief refuses to
give up his inheritance
at any cost
I issue orders to continue
work. We cannot inter-
rupt
a railway for the sake of
stupid opposition. I will
come to
the farm on Sunday
your uncle
WILSON

program out of date
very smooth Underwood
typewriter
detective
in the saddle
and (a good shot with the
pistol)

the telephone girl of Los Angeles
revives
the old gallop

the Indians on their poneys

engine 1203

Maud marries the cowboy
the giantess blushes with fine black blood
an artless fence of eyelashes
charcoals the cheek's superb whitewash
more and more ghostlike couple
until that shield of thunderbolts

AMERICAN VITAGRAPH

programme sellers
glowrooms
in the night

from our box way out at sea

a sprightly horse at Budapest
the solist sings
To the Grand Canal of music stands
ignoring Alpine tourism
where naturally slow ox cart
goes by
at the double

posthumous airman's greeting
Woodcutting in Norway

and once more the cataleptic American
idyll
in full moonlight sunlight

the chalk profiled horse

up there
old electricity
knits at her skylight

Billancourt
Billancourt sky

in the first shed
bones quills tubing
thundering
wheelwork
of cherubim
the entrails hot forge
an appearance of
human hands
white hive of the motor
plunged sizzles
congealed in one
virgin block
in the second shed
wings varnish they stick
the mauve canvas together
sets jointer saw paint
yawls canoes
stencilled numbers
just follow your right
in the third shed
they adjust the parts
for the pageant standing
on the motor chariots
where jolt folded
the fairy butterflies

lean trees of the Suburbs

FIAT

frrrrrrr away birds

and there was an evening
and there was a morning
and it was the fifth day of
the world

the last shed

4 *it*

opens straight

above the light waters

Roland Garros

where the poet sings
Garros
who tore himself so well
from the earth

The youth already brazen
facing the sea

Chistopher Columbus
sailor at fourteen

Fréjus ten minutes stop
olives
a poster's azure

he was born on Vidal La-
blanche
the Carolines
Cherbourg
cold watermelon in pink
snow
the negro loved the family
so well
he used to recite a compli-
ment on Chistmas eve

fishing on wave tops
big fish sleep there

going after little birds with
a lime covered bamboo

Jules Verne
the septicolor tree chirrups

we brought back bunches
of it

luggage *cabin* de luxe

creole women
rolling cigars on their
moist thighs

On the first day the sailors
bought
cockatoos *blue masked*
monkeys
shaddocks

at dinner they talk of the
Pole

La Paloma
The pirate comrade
Roland's horn
Tristram's horn
hunts
the Walkyries

the alternative shot of bul-
lets baffles

the star of wood and air
sprinkles a Dervish ghost

My dear Jean
I have killed a Taube. What a nightmare!
I will never forget their fall. They took fire
a thousand metres up. I have seen their bodies
bleeding, awful. A bullet has gone through
the spar of one of my wings . . .

true
hero
pities
his victim

how good a stroll
after the storm

our scheme (you remember)

to fly over
deep jungles
grazing their tops

a metropolitan murmur
cockatoos strike up the hubbub of colours

the musk of raptured boas rises

All Virginia awakes

Invitation to Death

where the poet tells of his first flight with Garros the call of earth

An icy pigeon fight in the face
offered to slaps of flags

gloving frost

oceanic aquarium
oil sprinkled I smother
in the sea bath

a cold opulence
of sea water
rushes into my nostrils

falling peril
the nausea
gap
on the left
tempts the emerging
shoulder
hauled
sucked
my internal body cuddles
aound my heart

endless slope

valleys surge we recede

a king of alders
between his palms
he kneads he strokes the
heart

the silent mermaids
in the pilot's bosom
swell their shrill song

the increasing flight
notified
only by viscera
the machine hoisted
itself
to nothing
by pools of height
like fish
dumb glass-globe crowd
swarm around a bread
fighting with their muzzles

around a medium table
the elementals aghast
silent riot jostle
the clouds charmed
by the propeller
towards us
their flock strolled
surging

the pilot's voice
struck me quick
pulled off
with the hurricane of void

the inverse course of a bird
gives you suddenly
the brief statement of speed

then
in this cyclone
if you wish to touch the pilot's shoulder
a gust
and your dead motion
loiters
diver digging
in the deep
little roads
little forests
little farms
little what? lake
is it a lake it
glitters
it is a
lake

the wheel
a lifeless folded paw
blue rubber
huge slowly
alone in relief on the plains

the ebonite muzzled drag-on fly
scattering chips of sky
havocs the cubic track

climbs
where nothing of the soil reaches

sun glitters on the face of darkness
as on the face of the sea
and the lungs are filled
with the clean chill
of eternity

fall

an outline of agony

steady *at once*
the reverse fall
softly mows
the stomach

the loop

turns the world upside down

and it lies down under you

Niagara

peninsula

of height

prisoner on parole of the earth
at four thousand up
and in depth infinite

a kite of your childhood
suddenly stringless you free yourself
sitting upon it

With your bear's hand Garros
then
you showed me something

and I leaned over the abyss
and saw Paris on the earth
my town humbler

at her size
empty of men
weak lonely her jade Seine
and the more I watched her decrease
the more I felt my sad love increase

for he who parts from what he loves
to destroy his sad love
the likeness of what he loves
isolates strips itself
hides the rest
and torments him the more

and he who climbs
if he lean over
and see the poor accomodations of the earth
bows his head
and wants to return to his prison

a fresh universe capsizes
rolls spasms of green night
smothers the drowning drinker

drunk with limpid death

I ship
a sea of cold sky

a pale geography

alcohol of atmospheres
where a house
becomes huge
with ease
and returns likewise
to dumb Gulliver

destroyed fauna
herbal of empty landscapes
saved by what miracle
solitude
O mount Ararat

must we
go down again
to the remnants of fabulous
plague of Genesis

Sodoms Gomorrhas
at the bottom
visible to swimmers
in the dead sea

underneath
the river itself petrified
clean cuts the moon in two

When we landed
I thought we were still flying at two thousand
o surprise

I was mistaking for a deep forest

the heater on the meadow

Parable of the prodigal Son

where the poet tells of Garros' famous flight and his return to earth

Sport
dawn
a dim awakening of Amphitrite
a hanging morning

chilly waves
one after the other
bathe on the sea side
playing bones

ebb and flow
systole diastole

the stitch of cold foam
the froth between the pebbles

those eggs those hearts
those little loaves those skeletons
petrified alive by water

the wind tests its pulleys
a bird shrieks and escapes

pine trees

that sailboat without a Mizzen without a Topsail
without a Spanker
without a Jib without a Flying Jib
without a Crossjack
the little stiffwinged boat
on the down
like a seal

The naval officers
and the young woman with the fur cloak
anguish sinks
into the bosoms
seaweed

the new yawl by the rail
in her christening robes
her hull ready for other waves

furs tow eskimo

the pilot
pulls down leather over his ears
puts on his gloves
calm
steady
the newly fitted Morane machine
he examines a head
the red propeller

that can split
astern the palmed tail of
the wheels
the bolts the tank
without a word
foresee the least accident

cigarette
the morning fleet
manoeuvres westward
Fréjus

I shall have to go

a belt around the loins
the opossum hump
the map and the route in
ink on
the yellow islands
compass

The two young sailors quite
moved
although they have been
through many squalls
where they could not weigh
anchor
a smile
to these captives of soil

and farewell to the lady
before the mask
a dumbness
aquarium
cinematograph
hypnosis
chloroform
sixth sense

the prodigal son
felt his span
down to the tips of his
wings
like a blind man
down to the tips of his wide-
stretched arms

the beech
the pier
the creek
good bye
turn the propeller
already far away jolts
detonates
and bellows in a semi-circle
tearing off sods
motor explosions
battle with the earth
to destroy a rail of planet-
ary

obedience

at last
witnessed only by officials
and by a pack of cows one
of which
throws itself into the water
as if it had a hornet in its
ear

the young man
pulls off the artifiial bird
from the dune

and the sun *after it*

south
he flies away

immense heat
the day

a convict free from prison

peninsula of the Esterel

the gradually indistinct bel-
lowing restores
already
a marble silence of statue
attesting the incipient ex-
ploit

how would this astonish
you
old Mediterranean
fundamental mirror of
myth

giddiness and its censers
reverberation
lark
the sea
glitters
bob-sleigh *lift*
swing scenic railway
pink Esterel
on the right
cheers of all things to light
dazzled polish of a wing
one plane more and more
distinct
rejoicings after Deluge
hashich of emptiness
enchanted canoe

seat so narrow
strap

The adventures of
the Grand Vizier
and of a Manchurian
magician
the Prince
looks at his compass
and at various im-
plements of magic
under his turban
of leather
of fur
of glass
of cork
of aluminium
and of rubber

starry roof of the palace of
octopi
of sponges

a click
the propeller one blade
then
another then
the blades

he sees the
blades

where blazes
a lottery of sky

the motor is silent

the airplane
dives steep down

into emptiness

helpless a mythic dive
at four thousand from
earth

the fishfed gull
falls
beak-heavy
on its deep
prey

this world's end tar
and pastorals of foam

Ganymede victorious
over the eagle Jupiter
returns to his bleeting flock

the shadow of the wings
covers the sea

but the propeller
in its fall
starts turning
and revives the motor
watchful of the sublime
fate

just a little short of it

floating airplane wreckage

water sepulchre

the pilot feels at his neck a
silver
medal
gift of the bravest
beloved

free
a
keen Iliad air

leather cuirassed Pallas

over fleets
over riots

the pilot escapes anew

the prison of weight
on the fleeing captive's
track
lets loose its soldiers and its
pack

higher

higher

a secret wheelwork broken
is the motor
going to stop

slopes of the void
its warm rivers
its gulfs where he turns
its pumps of icy moraire
its Guadalquivirs
its Gulf Streams
its Lake Tchads

its Zuydersees

the right road he loses
where are those islands
one ought to see in front

nothing here gives bearings
nothing shows
the landward road
neither map
nor compass
febrile blue
insect
at the heart of the Rose

rearing he aims at
the falls of the sun
which
following the same road
faster
gives the time

a sirocco cyclone
brass blazes
leather boils
sea sunstroke
blind he soars hothouse
his nostrils bleed
his legs are numb

in the furs and wools

cramped hand

the varnish on the wings
shrivels

exhausted is it going at once
to take fire in full flight
like a bat soaked in petrol
a moth at a gas lamp

and Sieur Roland
the other one
blowing his horn
bursts an artery
at Roncevaux Pass

and the new one

son
of the ever loving ever
pregnant earth
forges
with the fire of the sky
without an anvil
like Durandal and Joyeuse

feathers *wax*

a marvelous revenge
on Dedalus and on the
child
daubed with the honey from
the hives of Minos

GULF OF NAPOULE

SANGUINAIRE ISLES

C
O
R
S
I
C
A

Marseilles to Messina
5 *days*
Pulman car runs off the
rails
the tattooings on the enemy
chief's body
a negro churns kuss-kuss

Marseilles to Malta
37 *hours*
the monkey murders the
ship-boy
on board the felucca
"L'Amour"
in a bowl of smooth bark
goyabas mangoes
earrings a comb a
coral
pin

Tunis to Leghorn
2 *days* ½

SARDINIA
we will never go to San
Domingo
and the dangerous hallu-
cinations
continue

on a Sunday
here are heavy platoons of
angels
barekneed

rugby at Parc des Princes

they fly off
in all directions

and this livid fugitive pursued carries away
towards the goal
like a Pompei treasure
the oval ball

a football assumption

then would this monster arrive Gabriel

he swoops down
just
in the midst of the bush
of motions

sweat
locks
grass
blood
mud

the raptured grimaces
of thirty neophyte brutes

horrid uproar from the stand

with his blazing propeller
he mows off the superb heads

rumour of crickets at dusk
sea shells
boiling water
a paludean angelus in the ears

thus raves in Madagascar
the settler in his cabin
he dreams
he is flying on his bed
mottled with cold sweat
in a sabbath of quinine and mosquitos

the pilot clings
to the actuality of his exploit
for the earth tries on its wiles
sends up to him
all the stupefactives of dream

drops the head

the sandman

is it after dinner in the country

the lines of the newspaper
like telegraph wires
in the train's orchestra

arpeggios of type
leave the page
for the incongruous abyss
with a great skid
a second
of black slumber

the dense teeth
soft somersault
dives up
and haggard finds himself there again
in the very furnace blue hell

sunfry glitters

he hastily sets right a Great Bear position
and sees
flooding
backwards

the Mediterranean
vanishing the vertical obstacle of the world
bent on thee deadly shock
of the bird diverted
from its course

here
no top no
bottom no
right
no
left

a spot alike in all directions

narrow solitude

mad oxygen of silence

deep slumber takes hold of pilots
in the Greenlands where God begins

September 23d 1913

Tunis aerodrome
a grave crowd Arab and French warned
by wireless swarms Islam heat
negro boys in the trees the honey-fritter
seller a severe police service
reporters photographers
six thousand people
their faces turned westward await
ready for enthusiasm
around empty lists
the splendid annunciation

the youth who has crossed the sea

three torpedo boats
squashed in their slabber

NOON

the sun falls straight down

the bird
meeting its shadow
softly alighted on it
at Bizerte

and a husbandman ran up

and the leaden angel said

like a recaptured convict
a negro thrown down by a revolver shot
at Guadeloupe
a general
compelled to surrender
an old tramp on the road
between two policemen

one besieged without supplies

an aristcrat under the
Reign of Terror
recognized at a relay stage

a soldier spy
discovered
suddenly
in the enemy lines
after doubts
he said to the man
of the earth:
come
he said: I am thirsty
the full gourd
the heavy gourd
he said: I am ready to follow you
he spoke the noble words
of a king
when the mob
proceeds to arrest him
with a look of shy threatening

heavy deaf heavy
head

the prodigal son
against his happy mother
and his wife

the heavy arms
the heavy legs

the other son who remained
envies
the fatted calf
on the blazing fire

the heavy uneasiness of returns

his heavy
numb
heavy hands —

the natal thing
firm
naked
round
at last rejoined
kisses the dustless foamless feet
of the dear traveller returned
and keeps his heavy footprints

the heavy curved heavy
wings
of the little heavy ark

Hail *full of grace*

the palm trees

the vineyards

the bougainvilles

the eucalyptuses

the aloes

O holy mother

the leaden angel
the pregnant virgin

and unmasking
far from the public of
Tunis

his human face burnt
by the thunderbolts of the
sun
in the torture of the lenses
of the sea

he said: I am ready to fol-
low you

and he wept in his heavy
hands

then
they followed the road
that leads to towns

JEAN COCTEAU
Translated by JEAN HUGO

ASHE OF RINGS

Part I

Chapter IV

"WHICH is it—which is it?"

"It's a girl, Mrs. Ashe, now don't excite yourself."

"A beautiful little maid. Her head be covered with red, and she do kick and squeal."

"I didn't want it to be a girl—let me go to sleep."

The red baby slept in the Italian cradle.—The cycle of existence ran round again. Flat on the ebony hood the young Apollo, the young Artemis raced their ivory bodies round the Delian palm.

Anthony Ashe came into the nursery whistling.

Vera Butler counted napkins, soft linen squares in dozens reflected on the table.

"You are not sorry, Anthony, that it is a girl?"

"I had a son and I lost him. That will do?"

"—Ten dozen. I'm glad you feel like that. I'm afraid my sister expected you to want a boy."

"Melitta will get to know me better in time."

"You will be patient, Anthony?"

"There is a kind of patience less bearable than indignation."

"Oh well, a sharp tongue like yours needs watching. But now this little darling has come—"

"Was it a difficult birth?"

"Perhaps worse than we expected—her resistance."

"Her courage you mean."

"Don't say that. She is now sleeping quietly."

"I hope we shall see you often at Rings."

"You may be sure."

"I set great store by her education."

"I'm very glad to hear you say that."

"You must help us."

"I will."

"Lunch is on the table. Shall we go down."

The waxed Madonna nurse from London stood at the cradle's foot. At the head the tanned peasant whose was the hereditary honour.

"Well, my little lady."

"I tell you, he's glad it's a girl."

"He lost his first son, did he not?"

"That's an old long story. But I'll tell you one thing—nobody ain't going to give her much change."

"Mrs. Ashe?"

"Clavel, he's from the north, he do call her the wreckling of Rings."

"What is a wreckling?"

"Out of a litter of pigs the one that do die."

"She was terribly frightened. It's queer way these ladies are brought up.—Didn't know whether the child was coming out top or bottom."

"I was sorry for her. She seemed to have nothing to fall back on."

"What should she have? Greedy she was to be mistress of Rings. Let it make her sick I say."

"Is Mr. Ashe kind to her?"

"He could melt a peach stone, maybe he's no teeth to chew an acorn."

"Well—I expect there's her side to it if we only knew."

The two women left the nursery.

The red baby moved and then lay dark eyes open, gathering life in pure form without constituent of pleasure or pain. Before the beginning, past the end. A fist stirred and a foot imperceptibly it took possession.

* * * *

"Anthony, I've been staring at it all the afternoon? What is the green hump on the lawn?"

"There was a tower there once. You can see stone sticking out of the turf."

"Is that a bush growing on it. It seems a pity that it should break the green sweep to the sea."

"My dear, once one starts disturbing old things one raises more dust than one casts away. I know what you mean. You would like one opposite to match two grey nipples on a green breast?"

"Why not finish it off with a rustic seat?"

"No."

"You'd better tell me about it."

"Why do you want suddenly to know all about the place?"

"Isn't it better to know than to go on imagining?"

"Look it up in the Book of Ashe."

"I'm no good at books.—Please Anthony, I can't be left to find out. I'm afraid not to know. I have tried to be a good wife. Tell me. Tell me. I'm afraid not to know."

"Stop distressing yourself."

"Why is there a bush on the mound."

"Well observed. Eat another." Sticky, milky teeth shewed in a smile. He drew the curtains embroidered with the birds and apples of paradise, and lit the seven branched candlestick at the foot of the bed.

"The bush is the stump of a thorn. When there was a tower, the parent tree grew beside it under the wall. There was one of us who was hated. They came and found him there. They took him and made him wear a crown of thorns."

"Yes."

"There they crucified him—or rather they nailed him onto the wall. He died looking on the sea. He was a long time dying. It is because of that and not because of Charles II that the remark is a family joke."

"How can you joke about it?"

"Because we are like that."

"When did it happen?"

"Once upon a time."

"I don't believe it."

"It is in the Book of Rings."

"Do you want me to learn Latin and Black Letter."

"Melitta, that book is worth it."

"I was never much good at lessons. We were so badly taught. Won't you translate the interesting bits."

"I will teach you both sorts of Latin, and courthand. Then you can do it for yourself."

"There are late bits, your own and your grandfather's."

"Since the decline of our latinity. You can manage them."

"Anthony, what is it all about?"

"Go on."

"What is this place about? What has the house to do with the Rings and—"

"In what relation do I stand to both? We are a priestley house, like the Eumolpidae."

"You know I know nothing about your classics."

"I'm sorry, but what I've said is the answer. If you really want to know more you will find out for yourself."

"Anthony, you pretend that there are ways of looking at things which have nothing to do with Christianity."

"Little Melitta, Christianity is a way, a set of symbols in part to explain, and to make men endure the unutterable pain that is the world. There are other sets, like chessmen. But only one game."

"Do you believe in the heathen Gods?"

"Yes."

"And not that Christ died for us."

"Yes."

The curtains bellied, the tongues of the fire darted out. Metilla sat up and drew a strip of ermine across her breasts.

"Is the window shut?"

"Yes."

"Tell me more about the man they killed at the tower. Is his portrait downstairs?"

"He was too early."

"Right back in the middle-ages?"

"Yes. In the book there is a miniature of him. There he is a saint, and the tower is a tree."

"A stiff thing all angles and thick gold."

"Do you demand realism?"

"No, but please make him a person?"

"He was Florian Ashe. He lived in Henry VI reign. He made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. We remember him young, brave, pitiful and a great wit. His wife disliked him. One day her people from Poxwell came and nailed him to the tower."

"How irreverent. Did they—did they—make it quite like the crucifixion?"

"Yes," he said. *You have nailed me up here like a kite for an example to all birds of my kind.* And they said—*We want to make an end of you and your kind with your jests and compassions.* And he said—*You have forced on me the likeness of our Saviour—I am going to forgive you all.* Then he fixed his eyes on the sea and refused to speak."

"Did he say anything else?"

"Just before he died he strained about and said *I cannot see the Rings.* A shepherd threw a flint at him and killed him."

"You make me as though I saw it in a glass."

"But not darkly? That's good. We are a united family. He is our young brother. We have never got over his dying like that."

"I'm sure he went to heaven."

"Souls like his should create heaven. But he left a question behind him no one has answered. It is asked again in some Russian books you should read . . . But at the foot of that tower I tell you, every Ashe will weep."

"There is a new Ashe now Anthony, even though it's a girl."

"Silly one, must I explain again that I im glad of it."

"What are we to christen her?"

"She should be Melitta, but you do not really like that name. A red brat. Let's call her Elizabeth. It is one of our names also."

"Yes. I like Elizabeth."

"Add anything you like."

"My mother's name was Cicely."

"It doesn't go with the rest."

"All right. What is yours?"

"Vanna. After Monna Vanna an Italian lady I admire—Vanna Elizabeth Ashe."

"That is how we christen them at Rings."

"But Anthony?"

"You can have it done again, in a church—in Ursula's chapel—by a parson if you like. That's your affair. But ours, I tell you, is the one that lasts."

* * * *

They were in the walled garden, a square produced from the library wall, emerald grass pegged with yews, and transfixed by a stone well. There he had caught Melitta playing Narcissus to the star-filled water. In her black reflection was no pleasure. In one corner stood Rings Root filling an angle. A path of slimed pebbles ran round the walls.—In the outer wall a door opened on the terrace and there flowed the great space to the sea.

"Toreador
Toreador
For thee love waits!"

She loked after him. He opened the terrace door. Through its square there rushed into her dim heat a breeze and a blaze of light. The grey suit fluttered. Round the well grew bushes of lad's love. She arranged the train of her dress. What a setting! A flock of fantails hummed over the rich sky and clung crooning to the tower. In profile, in the light square, his white Imperial was black. So long as there were no more babies.

The red child slept against its nurse. In the library on a slab of blue marble stood a winnow-corb of wicker, black with age. Tied on it by wool-threads were dried ears of corn, figs and fircones, dolls cups and cylinders of baked clay.

Anthony Ashe shook down into the basket a bed of tiny coloured feathers.

"Melitta, Queen Bee," he whispered.

The servants of Ashe stood round, acquiescent, friendly. The nurse unwound the child and laid her naked in the basket.

"Now." Anthony lit a tall candle and placed it at the baby's

head. Melitta on the right laid an alabaster vase of fresh earth, and a bowl of water on the left.

"Earth and water and fire," he said.

"They are all round her."

"Breathe on her then with your maternal breath." Her eyes brimmed. She kissed her baby. Father and mother stood back. It opened its eyes, and an uncertain hand grabbed the feathers.

"Vanna Elizabeth, daughter of Melitta, bird of Rings! The elements composed you, the elements surround you, so may their harmonious properties sustain you."

Melitta, bold with feeling, cried after him—"In the Name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

"In the Name of Florian and Ursula. Pity and Wisdom—Amen."

* * * *

An hour too soon she dressed for dinner. Betty was not to be played with. The lit candles at her evening milk she made her tomedy. It was not a string of topaz her mother would wear that night, but a string of diamonds.

It was all right. Everything was all right—She had not got over having the baby. Nothing in the bargain could be worse than that. It was her baby. She did it. There is a God—That christening might be blasphemy. There was her duty to Anthony. She was learning to manage Anthony.

God had been good. He always is if we are only patient. There was Rings. To-night at the table head. A young madonna—Friday night. Fried fish and raspberries—Cream for a treat. Ought she to have fed Betty? She was thriving. Had anything been said? Horrid, but people did it now. That christening couldn't count. It ought to be done again—Such a pretty idea. But what did it mean? Sir Frederick Leighton. *Wedded.* Oh his horrid clear contemptuous mind. He's given mine up. Thank goodness.

Bite on that greasy old basket? Queer things put away in the gallery that ran out of the tower to the locked rooms. It meant something. Find it out for yourself. Tell you and let you forget. She wasn't going to be bullied—Men do not want women

to understand. Look at old Ver' pretending to be a blue-stocking. What good would it do the baby?

The house was different. One would have to understand periods. She had always had taste. Old stories at dinner. Always a success. *Uneasy lies the head*—I don't care I'd sooner wear it than a cap. I shall be a young woman when he dies.

* * * *

"Mrs. and Miss Butler, ma'am."

"I can't see them. Tell them it's impossible. I'll come down. Where are my rings?"

She made along the corridor to the head of the stairs, head forward, bottom to balance, train over arm, a charging cockerel.

From the door of his dressing room Anthony saw her pass. He had brought her to this house.—Well, she was not so insensible as at first. He was surprised at the remodelled body, uneasy at the sharpened wits. She had bred quickly, but the red baby ignored her with Clavel the new butler, and the nurse, and the horse Aldebaran, and the rhythms of the house. The pearls he had bought her in Paris were china beads on the milky skin. Only her gowns obeyed her.

He had called it eugenic impatience. It had but masked his slackness. In his last woman he should have sought a living peace, and he had established beside in him this cretinous greed. A greed not cretinous for its own ends. Its proper ends . . . He had heard her cry for her rings. God! it was complicated.

"My last duchess?" He followed her to the stairs, saw her prance down and cross the hall at a run.

"In the library, ma'am." Clavel forestalling. Here were servants equal to anything, whom it was impossible to impress. Anthony treated everyone alike. She did not want Clavel to see her people. They were plain ladies. Her dress a sufficient indication? Not to Elizabeth.

"My darling—how is your Betty? Your note of yesterday said she had a cold. One cannot be too careful, even in summer."

"Betty? she is very well." The man's intonation. Vera recognized it.

"As we were going for a drive this afternoon I thought we would call here and ask. Vera cannot endure—"

"I am glad I can reassure you. Would you like to see her before you go—We have several people dining to-night."

"May mother have a cup of tea?"

"Won't you help yourselves?" The Bristol set. Was Clavel received?

A footman with more sandwiches.

"If you don't mind, I will run up and see her?"

"Shall I tell the Coachman to put up 'ma'am?"

Vera had gone. "I am afraid the stables will be very full to-night. It is rather late, Mother."

Anthony came in.

"I thought Vera was here."

"She has gone up to see Betty."

"Will you join her with me? I must show her off before she sleeps. I have told your coachman to put up."

"Oh, my dear Anthony, we must go."

,"Why? Stay and dine. We have people coming. Can't you see Melitta's war paint? She can lend you things?"

"We must go home."

"This day week then—I will send over early for Vera." He turned to the door.

"Please, Mother, do come. So long as you let me know before. Now let Anthony go to the nursery with them if he liked."

* * * *

His face hung in the mirror from over the back of her chair. An earring fell like a star.

"Since when have you thought it unlikely that I should welcome your mother and your sister to Rings?"

"It wasn't that. It is so inconvenient of them to turn up when we are busy. They felt out of it themselves. They would not have liked to have stayed."

"I did not know that you were occupied with cooking dinner."

"No. I've had enough of that on the cook's evening out." He laughed. He laughed.

"You wicked intolerable child. If you were anything but a school-girl, an inquisition could not punish you. However. No diamonds to-night. Off with them! Not an ornament. No one shall say that Mrs. Ashe has become so pround as her station.—Quick! If you cry, you shan't appear at all."

"Ver'—Ver.' Vera has been telling you—nonsense. I minded, I minded because she is jealous of me."

"That may or may not be true. But you'd like her to be. More powder on your shoulders. Now come down . . . You're smiling. That's better. There's a brave girl . . . Why are you smiling like that?"

"You have remembered that when I am dead you will be a young woman able to have a young man like my dead son. Have you just remembered? No protests. You should never have forgotten it. Let us wait in the library . . . There is only one thing, girl—when your beauty has waxed from rose to peony, there will be Vanna coming up immaculate to take your place."

So they lived for five years.

MARY BUTTS.

MR. VORAX

HE blinked heavily, pink American in the presence of thought, he blinked heavily, and Mr. Vorax continued: "There is no evidence of monotheism. Morality has become largely economic. We are poisoned by a basis of taboos in which no one any longer believes. The American is essentially frivolous, solemnity is the worst of its forms. Property can stay where it is, credit is its active emanation, credit belongs to all; financiers govern and should be responsible for the way in which. You are too lazy to read, and you expect me to turn into an ambulating Chataqua."

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THEE I CALL "HAMLET OF WEDDING RING"

Criticism of William Carlos William's "Kora in Hell" and why...

In two parts

Part II

PUT woman into book because cannot put her with good conscience—grace—right touch—any more into bed!

W. C.—if you think *that* helped conscience—grace—improved touch—simply: are Hottentot—Orang-outang—Chimpanzee—concerning art!

If are as unskilled—disgusting—clumsy—tactless—sentimental—liarly lover as are author — —

Who not can do one thing—not can do other! not meaning—that—who *can* do one thing—can do other.

But—tradition!

Right touch of respect—distance worship—idolatry—in passionate intimacy.

That—artist must have

that—lover must have—

no muddle.

Do not hope—expect: *because can not do one thing—can do other!*

Contrary.

Woman—art—no home for debility—nurse for impotence—trench for coward.

Art: woman—

Woman noble—innermost—forever!

Husband *or* artist—W. C.

Art no infirmary for emotion-starved—passion-crippled—soulinjured males—females—

Timeworn mistake of unmated spinsters—since conversion's folly—own anemia hinders physical development—ultimate bliss—upon that founds balance of soul—now becoming mistake of mismated man in *America*— ?

Indeed!

Because: passions not fed in wedlock—nor other locks—because do not dare give—taken—clean—aboveboard—sincerely—passionately—because do not know which way turn—heritage of coward : inaction—indecision—*rest* fidgety culmination of lack—bone—wobbly jellymass—

We—who know—sacrifice—love—perform—are called upon to take this crumbling freak's ravings—wailings—disappointments—forced drunkenness—of forced joys—lies—for art?

More!

because cannot reach—touch art—lacking intensity—endeavor—art disdainful avoiding vulgarian—proclaims not to respect art!!!

We know that!

"Kora in Hell—" one sacrilege!

What then is he doing in arena?

Why tights—spangles—balls?

Agh! simple : proclamation—lie—crooked! life of a coward *must* be so—by necessity—hence all acts—words.

Does not he flirt with art—juggle balls—try to become intimate—pinch perchance—pounce upon—rape?

Ah! art is princess!

Stay home—ape of art—sex—with kitchenmaids.

Jews—unsettled since aye—never founded—rooted again (were they ever?) parasites upon soil foreign—civilizations—cultures—trying to save own tradition within family—ghetto—impossibility that only can breed stagnation backwardmovement—*did.*

Antipode: utter abandon to void—impiety—absence of ideals! simultaneous strangled handicapped by atavism in blood—that not can be vanguished unless with new weapon.

Jew has *none*—no hopes—convictions—*new ideals.*

Modern unorthodox jew—*whatever mixture*—is bred to void—emptiness—barren nothingness. By necessity consequence soul curdles into disgust—sophistication—disrespect : *absent selfrespect—through last foothold*—flippantly replaced by shallow shameless ignorant conceit—haunted by ghosts—*dead ghosts!*

Sarcasm: fatigue dry bread of poor—

no strength—resiliency—

forever pariah of races—by will of power—that in last intent to us is veiled—behind life—where we are not.

American—jew of future:

offspring of races uprooted—tradition—foothold lost—trying to root—thrive upon what is no mother—by force stepmother—that not conceived—bore—not loves—changeling—ever.

With audacity of perfect emptiness of purpose—impiety—only lost soul in void—jew—American possesses—with mere selfish desires—unearned by merit—intensity—worship—to drag self into *that state* of consciousness lost—where pitiful little rag of shame drops—that everybody wears keeping him from becoming noisy in public—unless idiot—drunkard—bully—in conceit—flaunting ragbanner of vulgar shamelessness—supposed to be brilliant flag of courageous freedom—American mistake—mismated happily to *peculiar distinct jewish tactlessness*—lost balance—result of lost ideals—individual : graceless—ejected from grace—blatant illbred scrawles upon rag-flag—these—in literature so unique—phrases: *"I write what I damn please—how I damn please—when I damn please."*

Equipped—clanking clumsy noisy—with rag-tin-scrap armor of past—present—plume of refreshing frankness of unconcern about anything not business (not hollered lowdly) yanking in lever of business

auto from crusader—helmet cocked at angle of daredevil romance towards land of adventure after business-hours ——

yoked by neurasthenia
poisoned by "loved ones"
pestered by sex
W. C. attacks art—
when has time.

W. C. does not care about words—his words never mean anything to him—*acknowledged.*

Is it surprising—*device* mere flippancy?

Defiance—tarmping wit of boisterous dockhand—*is it not?*

Spoke I already about flippancy—but—alas—! how void of grace this flippanccy!

W. C. does not write *what* damn pleases—cannot! W. C. does not write *how* damn pleases—*does not know how!* W. C. does not write *when* damn pleases—unless inspiration lives in alarmclocks—thrives upon cold storage.

Has to heal people—keep consultation hours—in general—particular—concentrate brainpores chiefly around other people's affairs—including family—expense—income.

Why does W. C. pursue words—*not lover of words?* obviously pursues—*does he not?*

Agh! Never means what says! so charming—when one is all mixed up—has nothing to say—all to hide.

Enigma simple—does not mean that either : belongs to that breed of impudent bashful shame-faced amateurs that cuddle agreeable supporting comforting warmbottle—cherished against chill of mediocrity in boosm folds secrecy—about *gift* so tremendous—take time—rule—paper—pen—soft pillow—off into lolling ecstasy of conceit sunfishing—cold storage emotion—trained to alarm clock of common sense—tri-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri-ri—art oozes—gushes out of cautionlifted tap—champagne!

Not!

Champagne—champagne—from seed of grape—before that seed never doing anything but turning champagne.

W. C.'s beverage sour-apple-cider plus artificial bubble—chemical spunk!

Cheating chemist—trying to get paid high for punk—from simple untrained public—windbags blown with hysterical education.

That how W. C. flimflams. When words mean nothing to him how does he expect them to mean any thing—anything—to anybody?

Not expecting that—*his attitude* (lie—bravefaced—into face black of printersink—)why does he sit him down into their bashful company prodigious fashion?

Still if that please any part of his personal anatomy—

"Pleasure his!"—*not ours.*

Do we wish anybody to flip flippant—ignorant—indiscret—illmannered—disrespectful—unrestrained—ignoble—vile words on us?

street urchin—feeling that way—never having had nursery teaching—selfrespect—poise—dignity of manner—restraint of action—to save energy for enterprise noble—material to master—not waster—

In hand of waster so many rocks.

Art: sweet carpet of life. W. C. enjoys to soil—spit upon sweet carpet of life—

not his—not possessing price.

We—who trip—dance—sit—loll—play upon—do not wish illmannered incensed onlooker lout to soil our banquet hall's ornament.

This man hates himself for mediocrity—incapability to intense endeavor—dimly feels pariahdom—from feast outcast—runs amuck.

Brutality child of denseness—inability to feel—think clean—vulgar blood-fogged brain—despair of helplessness to escape blindness of junglevines of thought tangled—of waste—seered—barren—infertile—violnt action—noise—clamer : American lynchings.

Did not he lynch Art?

Pityful!

Pityful things unclean.

Between life and death.

Things must be proud—capable of being made proud—possess—acquire resiliency of power to carry responsibility of existence—*noble* or *annihilated.*

This man ill with himself: cowardice—life barren—buys imitation ornament with price of poverty—sneeringly blaming life for cheapness—not *price*— : faulty organism—*crooked legs*—wheels askew—ramshackle machine.

Such not fit in public!

Degradation—menace— : causing sick intestines.

Seek outlet *away* from art—arena—world!

Stick to family—run amuck in business—hein?—life is that—dangerous—you waif thought art safe.

No concern of ours!

beat wife—

cry into mamma's lap—

kill patients ——

be electrocuted — —— ———

not tell us about adventures in boon companionship!

that impossible confidential neighborfashion of middleclass man—who—mildly soused—for lack of class loses timid composure (so absolutely necessary!)—shouting about faded tarnished wedding-bliss—*how both try to shine it up!*

Fancy!

This advanced (callous) bourgeoispeople with careful feeble hysterical attempt to make skeleton voluptuous!

Household furniture : chasing memories of birchtrees in spring!

Clothespins—mournful—sentimental—indecent—gay—stradling washline—frenziedly clamping damp bedsheet—remembering nightingale honeysuckle dance—moaning to each other : frontparlor victrola must do.

I always now have to imagine that—:

W. C.'s "danse macabre"—flesh virile—

Fancy!

Knowledge—character—develop together—depend on each other—each in other.
Organism in profundity constructed sound carries seeds of quality.
Bird flies with two wings that is one wing.
Education—treasure—wealth—needs preparation—slow gradual advancement. Character foundation—pillar arises—to carry light dome—cupola wisdom—root—stem—flower.
Heaviest weight—giant balances graceful easy—pigmy twists crumbles into splinters.
Travel of mind how to arrive at own architecture.
To pilfer—borrow—transplant—: inner void barrenness.
Transplant cathedral—grown oak—vain toys—wither.
Splendor grafted sudden on unprepared—by generation degree not refined organism—ready for that much at that period—disturbes harmony of cells—balance of structure—instead movement to refinement step to crippledom—cancer—ruin.
Trees—plants : growth—happiness.
instead expansion—freedom—happiness : warp—burden disorder—hate—restricted vitals : hate.
Education thrown sudden on coarsefibred mind—mere trash! weeds of too high disgrace in soil unprepared—infertile acre barren—disturbed—troubled with husks—possession unjustified—never unfolding flower of knowledge.
Treasure turns tin in shack of paper! jadeworsted sheep needs treasure in echoing whispering banquet-hall of knightly castle smiling—frowning—with sky—clouds—through ages—aloft.
Education of W. C. trash.
Grafted—thrown into mind sudden—unprepared—unmeirted—out of culture.
All America.
Sudden possession of leisure through sudden porsperity hastens ruin.
Gazes into chasm of knowledge—void—frightened—dizzy—lacking architecture.
Unable to serenely—trustingly—knowingly : gaze into depths hallowed—shifts gaze slantwise—shallow—denies depths for own shallowness—imperative command else ramble—capsize—being flat thin structure in illogical conceit that carries punishment as logic ever will punish illogic—to wrong place—world's edge—where swirls draft from sablewings of eagle circling—
—bird giantesque—God.
From rock walls of chasm at world's edge hewn—treasure vascillating in accord with dance—circle—flight of bird—castle—erect—deep—high—founded—smiles—frowns—stands.
Perpetual fear—defiance—lie—by necesstiy warps structure flimsy—cheaply bedizzened—shabby—before collapse into lath dust:
Sophistication—callowness: narcotics to smother acid burns of cancer—despair of structure. Gayless—tortured—diabolical—flippant—sneers void in W. C.'s particular case pathetically infantile—there are clever devils—beautiful in ruin—castles ruined in culture—:
Beaudelaire:
Organism condemned— : unfinished flimsy—ageworn—
That hell!
Hell is in life:
Corpse outseeks corpse—dancing partners equal.
Touch of life's body corpses most frenzied dread! *not life fears touch corpse: Life fears nothing—omnipotent.*
Life can give life to corpse—
not be in death—nor life—wearing mask of life in dread purgatory *Impostors* bad conscience—satan shame nursing decay—*hate dance of living corpse.*
Trepidation—shame—fear—disguised as defiance—yelled in swagger—ice orbed spleen—makes corpses hate grow—delivers to death untimely—unsought.
To touch life—break—dissemble—assemble anew immediate—in glory earned passion dance of molecules—life—Shiva corpse flees *doubting resiliency—*
that doubt condemns to death in life—to be neither.
In death life—
not death in life.
Perpetual shame no creature endures without hate—splendor points contrast.
Callousness from shame keeps out grief—honesty of surrender—healing emotion wave of utter despair followed instantly by kiss—face earthward—before chasm—in abandon of passionate humbleness—adore—let God take—
oblivious to distortion—ugliness—in ecstasy of mother self—of giving—stabbed by *God's* beauty.
Moment creative:
Distortion ugliness vanishes not believed in.
Are in mind—drug shapes—nightmares of somnolence of callousness.
Dreams of corpses—unreal—
not in life—hate : life love.
"Art may be the supreme hypocrisy of an information cultured(!) people—without contact—justifiable perhaps—(*that would not be!*) if it becomes at last actually the way sensitive people live" (*How?*)
But : and *how* "information cultured"—maybe your topdrawer—dome cerebration? do you already live justifiable—in *sensitiveness*—art-soaked sponge?
Art no mechanical toy! is life as life *purposeful machine!* palpitating brain.
Hypocrisy stored up through ages!
Rembrandt hypocrite—Shakespeare—Goethe!
O *give* me hypocrite who live—act—with sense behind passionate blood—who *believe—do!* deluge of wrath pour upon those jabbering uncreative joyless sincere nobodys that write, potter, live, are uninteresting for force of honesty! Sure! can't help it!
Jackassy—nincompoop—cocky—bastard soul—can *hypocrisy inform—ever?* is hypocrisy quality—negates—creates?
Hypocrisy—void—hypocrisy not virile—cannot live.
Nothing ever is—has been *supreme* about hypocrisy!
Ppyramids hypocrisy?
Agh—pah! Carlos Williams—you wobbly-legged business satchel-carrying little louse!

You do make me laugh healthy belly laugh:
Tortured child—that is obliged in soul's estimate for that expensive education's sake to exhibit "intellect"! wrestle with dolls—lifesized of most complex mechanism!
Cannot! they crush you! square chest—spit blood—cause consumption!
Give it up—not your calling—mind muscles flabby—unprepared of simple parentage.
With rag dolls toy gradually improving to moderately priced pets leave mechanisms intricate for selected children of nobility in toyland.
Art to you hypocrisy—*for is your hypocrisy!*
Entirely out of balance you!
Does art affect thus?
Art: intoxication—saneness.
Result: *balance.*
Not must leave bad memory—*carry such!*
Feeling of something exquisite—extraordinary—great—joyful—to be cherished—to be proud of—carry into age—no matter what happened—no matter what subject—will linger—must! *or individual unfit to indulge!*
Art—strength—joy conveys joy— *to strong.*
Gentleman in Europe carries intoxication as *gentleman!*—never loses balance—in deepest abandon of gayety—numbed senses—subconsciously breeding tells how far to go—when to retire.
Abstinence: lack of confidence in breeding—training :—debility.
In Europe to see man drunk quickest way to decide caste: plebeian—bourgeois—gentleman.
We—ah! do not need prohibition—possessing! tradition—selection—*pride.*
Thus carries artist intoxication of feeling—expresses in sound color shape (words) *as artist.*
Never losing balance—in deepest abandon—highest excitement—breeding of artist in blood—subconsciously tells how far to go—we becoming sober to criticise in cold blood.
Retires when becomes inexpressive—inarticulate—
silence—
death.

ELSE VON FREYTAG-LORINGHOVEN

THE POEMS OF ABEL SANDERS

To Bill Williams and Else von Johann Wolfgang Loringhoven y Fulano

CODSWAY bugwash
Bill's way backwash
FreytagElse ¾arf an'arf
Billy Sunday one harf Kaiser Bill one harf
Elseharf Suntag, Billsharf Freitag
Brot wit thranen, con plaisir ou con patate pomodoro

Bill dago resisting U.SAgo, Else ditto on the verb
basis yunker, plus Kaiser Bill reading to goddarnd stupid wife anbrats works of simple
domestic piety in Bleibtreu coner of Hockhoff'sbesitzendeecke
before the bottom fell out. Plus a little boiled Neitzsch
on the sabath. Potsdam, potsdorf potz gek und keine ende.
Bad case, bad as fake southern gentlemen tells you
everymorn that he is gentleman, and that he is not black.
Chinesemandarinorlaundryman takes forgranted youwillsee he is
not BookerTWashington.

: : : : : :

Poem No. 2.

Able Abel
Mounts dernier bateau :
@¼%&:¼/?½ @¾) (&?;¼%@&%&&&&&
¼¼¼¼@¼%;34%3

dada
deada
what is deader
than dada

Hôpital **HOSPITAL** *Hoſpice*

THOMAS VAUGHAN

IF it is not imposing too much upon the patience of your readers, could you find room for a brief answer to Miss Burt, *in re* Thomas Vaughan?

I agree with her most heartily in condemning the common tendency to turn Mysticism into Mystery. But of what use is our condemnation, when the best as well as the worst employ it? Ezekiel, John, the Alchemists, Blake, and many others, have all been excessively secret. Even such things as Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," Kingsley's "Water Babies," and George Mac Donald's "Phantastes," "At the Back of the North Wind," and "Lilith," are beautiful symbols concealing peculiar doctrines. Whether this tendency comes from some inexplicable twist of the mystical brain, whether it is the desire to seem important, whether it is the inability to express the ineffable otherwise, or whether it is the desire to conceal spiritual pearls from human swine, I cannot say; but the testimony seems to confirm the latter. Blake's letters to Trusler are interesting reading on this point.

But Thomas Vaughan falls under another category. When Friar Bacon discovered gunpowder, he wisely concealed the formula in an anagram; and I doubt that the world has profited much by deciphering it. Thomas Vaughan was also an experimenter in dangerous secrets, though of another sort; secrets whose danger is recognized by modern science; secrets which eventually caused his death. These secrets were, rightly or wrongly, confused in his mind with the mysteries of Initiation; which were also prudent to conceal in those days of religious warfare. Martyrdom is a crown, but valuable only as propaganda when the whole truth it known.

Being human, Thomas Vaughan preferred to continue his experiments in peace. He desired to leave records for those wise enough to avoid the dangers involved. What value these records have cannot be judged until his results are verified. The work must be done over; but at least, he indicates where the secrets lie.

F. FOSTER DAMON
Newton, Mass.

ART CIRCUS

AS jh so admiringly says, isn't it *wonderfull* to have an organ like the Dial for refreshing the memory?

In November 1918 "The Starry Sky" by Wyndham Lewis was reproduced in the Little Review; reappeared in the August Dial. Zadkin's "Holy Family" in December 1918 Little Review now in current issue of Dial. What is it—a merry-go-round?

"ULYSSES"

BEFORE we could revive from our trial for Joyce's "Ulysses" it was announced for publication in book form. We limp from the field.

—*jh.*

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